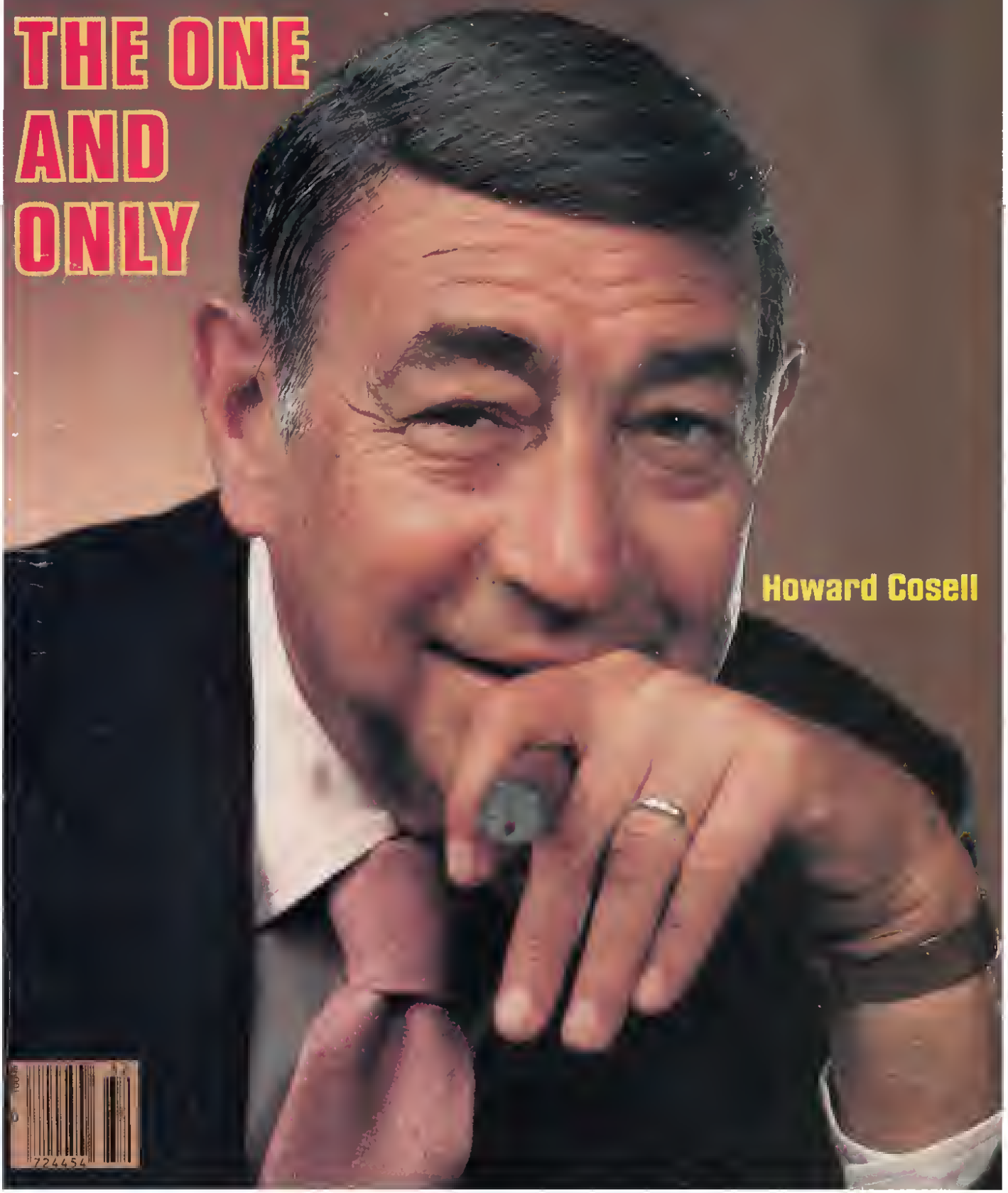
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AUG. 8, 1983 / Volume 59, No. 6 **Cover photograph by Arnold Newman**

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Perhaps the best perspective on Arnold Newman, the world-renowned American portraitist, was offered by the late Carl Sandburg. "Hey, hey," remarked Sandburg, who wrote an unpublished biography of Newman, "this here Newman guy with his camera has been everywhere and seen everybody." Sandburg made that observation in 1962. The latest somebody to join everybody is Howard Cosell, whom Newman photographed for this week's cover.

Over his 45-year career five volumes of Newman photographs have been published, and his work hangs in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Chicago Art Institute and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. He is best known for his portraits of artists, musicians, scientists and industrialists, not to mention presidents and kings. Newman likes to juxtapose his subjects with the backgrounds and implements of their work. "I don't pose people," he says. "I just let them fall into positions that are natural to them."

Cosell, not always an easy subject for photographers, says, "I've always found it easier to sit in front of a TV camera than a still camera. But then I met Arnold Newman. He's a genius. He has a sense of perspective. Tell him I miss him." Igor Stravinsky once told Newman, "You have made me famous." But former President Lyndon Johnson was not quite so gracious. After contemplating his official White House portrait, L.B.J. fumed, "Goddam it. [Newman's signature] is bigger than me."

Senior Writer Frank Deford, who wrote the Cosell story (*page 66*), says, "Newman has captured the nuances of expression that I couldn't possibly have put into words." Newman had never met Cosell before he was commissioned by SI. But he was delighted by the assignment. A sports fan and longtime Cosell admirer who watches ABC's *Monday Night Football* whenever he can—"Howard's the only guy on TV who says what he thinks," he says—Newman shot his cover of Cosell during a two-hour session in early July at his Manhattan studio. "Howard insulted everyone," says Newman. "So I insulted him right back." They got along famously. Later, Newman visited the Cosells at their Long Island summer home, where he took the photograph that opens Deford's article. "His wife, Emmy, made sandwiches," Newman says. "It was a wonderful day."



NEWMAN, PRESIDENTS, KINGS AND COSELL

Newman and Cosell discovered they have much in common. They are the same age (65), they grew up in Northeastern cities during the Depression, they are devoted family men who still hold hands with their wives after more than 30 years of marriage, and they share a fondness for cigars. "People who've made it and have been there a long time have no ego problems," says Newman. "If anything, Howard and I are both insecure because we don't ever think we're good enough."

If that were true, Cosell would not be on our cover, and Newman might still be photographing babies at Lit Brothers' department store in Philadelphia, where he began his career.

Robert L. Miller

Why Sports Illustrated subscribers keep coming back...



1982 U.S. Open at Pebble Beach.

Photos by Richard Mackson

From where Tom Watson was on the 71st hole of the U.S. Open golf championship at Pebble Beach—in the garbage, on a downslope, looking at a slick green—you don't simply chip the ball into the cup for a birdie to beat Jack Nicklaus, who is already in the scorer's tent with a total good enough to win. First you throw up.

Well, that's wrong, of course. If you're Watson, by now you're accustomed to beating Nicklaus in major tournaments because you've done it before at the Masters and in the British Open, so you lay open the blade of a sand wedge and plop the lob-chip shot softly onto the putting surface and then watch the flagstick get in the way of the ball to keep it from running all the way to the Lodge.

Of the many dramatic and champion-twisting shots that were struck and misstruck—in all of the 81 Opens that came before this one, Watson's chip-in at the 17th will be remembered for as long as men sew leather patches on the elbows of their tweed jackets.—Dan Jenkins, SI—June 28, 1982

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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

THIS ACCOUNT OF WHAT OLD BASEBALL STARS DO IS TRIVIAL AS WELL AS TRIVIA

Does this kind of thing happen to you fairly often at your friendly neighborhood tavern?

Wiseacre: All right, for two beers—what's Mickey Lolich doing these days?

You: Lolich is making a living frying doughnuts in Rochester, Michigan.

Wiseacre: O.K., I'm buying.

If it does, then *Where Have You Gone, Vince DiMaggio?* by Edward Kiersh (Bantam Books, $3.50) is for you. If it doesn't, it isn't.

What Kiersh has done is put together the answers to 55 baseball trivia questions and disguised them as a book—or at least tried to. He interviewed each of 55 former stars and has written brief accounts of what they're doing now to go with even briefer recountings of the highlights of their major league careers. If you want this sort of information, you could do worse with your three-fifty. And you'll probably get that back at the bar.

Aside from the boiler-plate writing, what's wrong with Kiersh's effort as a book is this: Most big league players are woefully ill-prepared for what happens after the cheering stops, as has been endlessly documented. If they are unable to stay in baseball in some non-playing capacity, they usually flounder through several years and several jobs and end up in an everyday occupation, earning a middle-class salary. As players, they were our heroes because they were larger than life, doing heroic things: running, throwing, hitting, pitching and catching far far better than we even dreamed of doing. But there's no getting around the fact that what they're doing now is routine and dull. And if there is a way of making that interesting reading, Kiersh hasn't found it.

Wilbur Wood owns a fish store and stews chowders and poaches salmon on the side; Jim Landis makes signs and posters; Gus Triandos has a mail-delivery service; Daddy Wags Wagner sells Oldsmobiles; Elroy Face . . . Elroy Face! Holy cow! (Phil Rizzuto wrote the book's foreword.) Maybe the best relief pitcher of all time. Went 18–1 one year. Saved three of the four Pirate wins over the Yankees in the '60 Series. Face is now a carpenter in a state hospital. All of these gentlemen are making admirable contributions to society, and none are soliciting your sympathy because the cheers of thousands, the fawning of groupies and the importunities of the press don't now accompany demonstrations of the skills for which they are paid. But those demonstrations are not the stuff of dreams. Oops, we almost left out Vince DiMaggio. Vince is a Fuller Brush man.

It's Kiersh's grandiloquent notion that, as he has moved from Lolich's doughnuts to Wood's clam chowder to Face's tool chest, he has viewed "the soul of America." If indeed he has, he hasn't given us a glimpse of it here. Maybe he's saving that for another book. **END**



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PERSPECTIVE

by IVAN MAISEL

THESE NEW GOLF CLUBS MIGHT HELP YOUR GAME, BUT ARE THEY CRICKET?

The problem with the world, cried the title character in the 1981 film *My Dinner with André*, is electric blankets. They are symbolic of the artificiality so rampant today, he said. Whatever happened to quilts and good old-fashioned body heat?

I kept thinking about electric blankets after a green publicity folder landed on my desk. "Dunlop Announces the Impossible," the cover proclaimed. "Clubs that reduce slice, add distance and actually improve your swing." Sure, I thought, and when you hit the ball out of bounds, the clubs hurl themselves away in disgust. But Dunlop thinks enough of these new John Jacobs System golf clubs to produce twice as many 11-club sets—at a list price of $749 per—as it does of all its other clubs combined, and I'm willing to defer to the guys in market research on this one. No, my problem with the Jacobs clubs is philosophical. To me, they seem a way of cheating.

I'm not speaking from an ivory tee box. They'll be wearing leg warmers in Haiti before I break 80. But I feel hopeful that I can become a competent golfer, knowing I am the same age (23) as Calvin Peete was when he first picked up a club, and I have a 15-year head start on him. My lefthanded father learned to play golf righthanded at 24 and had a five handicap. He tried to school his 8-year-old southpaw as he had been schooled. The grand experiment—and his patience—lasted two holes, at which point he ordered me to use the back side of my righthanded clubs.

Despite that dubious start, I know I could play better golf if I spent enough time beating balls. Alas, it is an imperfect world, says Jacobs, 58, a former captain of the British Ryder Cup team, who is the designer of the new clubs. "It would be great if everybody had four hours a day and the weekend to play," he says, the British understatement lurking in his voice. Jacobs is one of the most respected golf teachers in the world. He passed my test the minute we met.

"What is your handicap?" he asked.

"Fifteen," I lied. It's really 20.

"You slice your drives, you pull your

continued

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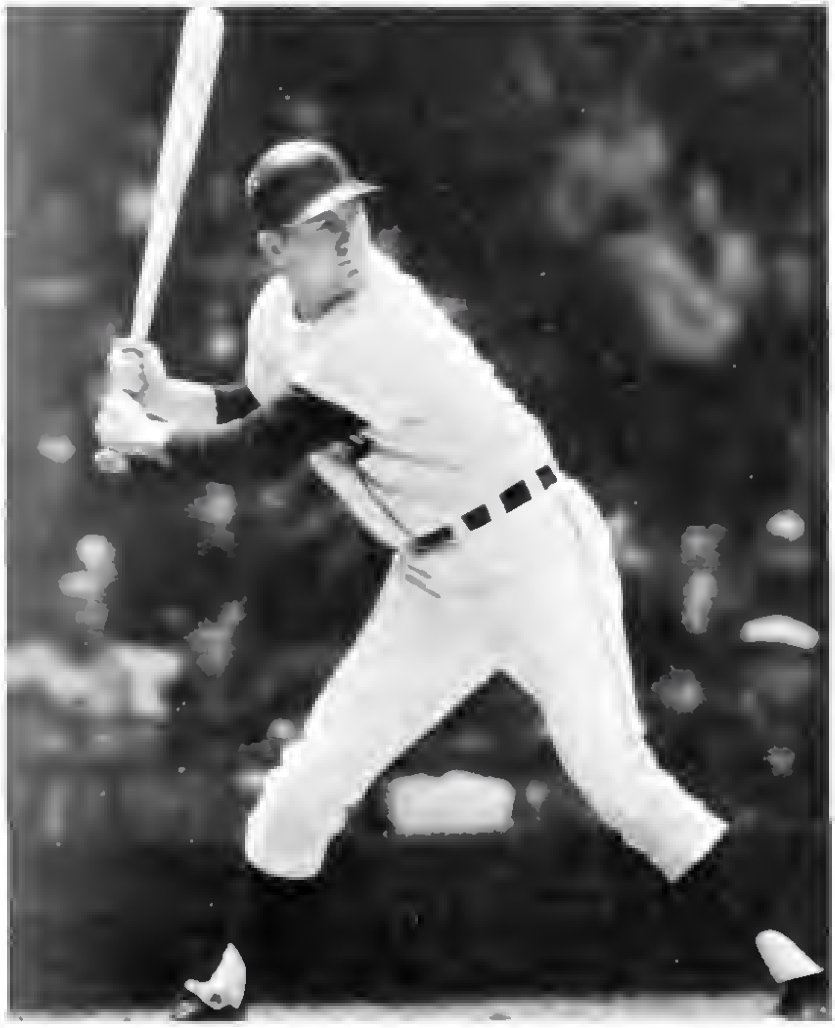
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Sports Illustrated
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short shots and your best club is a six-iron," he announced.

I fought back the impulse to shout, "Wrong, wrong, wrong!" Actually my best club is a five-iron, but Jacobs knew my swing without seeing it, which indicates that most of us duffers make the same errors. Jacobs redesigned the golf club to correct those errors. A slice is caused by imparting sidespin to the ball, the result of an outside-in swing. Fairway woods and medium irons—the duffer's best clubs—are more difficult to slice because of their increased loft. Greater loft allows the club face to make contact at a lower spot on the ball, thus imparting more backspin than sidespin. Jacobs increased the loft on the woods and long irons to take advantage of this. To compensate for the higher trajectory and loss of distance, he repositioned the weight of the club higher in the face. Jacobs also made the lie of the club more upright, the lie being the angle formed by the shaft and the heel of the club head when the latter is on the ground. The greater the angle, the less chance there is of leaving the club face open at impact, which means squarer contact and less sidespin and slicing. Jacobs designed a slightly closed club face for the same reason.

There are some other, less significant changes, ranging from thinner grips (for better control) to an angled decal on the woods (to encourage the golfer to take the club back correctly). Jacobs guarantees the clubs will help, with one caveat. "We don't say we can make everybody a scratch golfer," he says. "There's no substitute for ability."

I consider improving my lie in the rough a substitute for ability—if I had any of the latter, I wouldn't be in the former difficulty. The same principle applies to the clubs. If I had a sweet swing, I wouldn't slice, and I'd rather try to improve my swing than use a gimmick, no matter how well-conceived it may be. If this makes me a purist, so be it. Of course, I don't like the designated hitter system either. Unfortunately, it has become solidly entrenched, as, I imagine, will these clubs. Most double-digit handicappers would rub cellulite removal cream on their woods and irons if they thought it would keep them from hitting the ball fat. So Dunlop will sell a lot of these clubs, and maybe some strokes will be saved. If it were up to me, I'd wrap them all up in an electric blanket and bury them beneath a sand trap. **END**

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SPORTS

by ALLEN BARRA

THIS TRAINER BELIEVES IN PRESSURING A BOXER INTO STRETCHING HIS TALENT

Of the handful of trainers who are spoken of by people in boxing as being especially humane and progressive, probably no one is so described more often than Eddie Futch, trainer of Joe Frazier, Ken Norton, Michael Spinks, Alexis Arguello, Larry Holmes and a score of other notable fighters. That's why it wasn't surprising that Futch hired Daeshik Seo, a Korean physical therapist, as a special trainer for Holmes as he prepared for his June 1982 WBC heavyweight title bout with Gerry Cooney. Seo's job included designing a conditioning program for Holmes that consisted largely of static (or non-calisthenic) stretching exercises. He also treated other people in Holmes's Easton, Pa. camp for maladies ranging from leg cramps to ligament damage in the hip.

Holmes's handlers were impressed. So was featherweight Freddie Roach, who credits Seo with "practically saving my career." When an operation on his right hand failed to relieve intense pain from injured ligaments, Roach was faced with the prospect of early retirement. "He probed my hand with his fingers," Roach says of Seo's treatment, "and told me that a ligament was still out of place and that he could put it back. I didn't believe him, because three of the best hand surgeons I could find had been unsuccessful, but I figured I had nothing to lose. All he did was massage my hand and use acupressure on my arm, and then he lifted the ligament into place. On the spot." A month later Roach was back in the ring.

Seo's methods may sound like hocus-pocus, but there's nothing mysterious about them. For the most part, his treatments are commonsense applications of techniques widely known in Korean sports medicine. Seo combines *Jeep Ap Beop*, an ancient Korean method of acupressure, with static stretching. The principal difference between Seo and his Western counterparts is that, like most Eastern trainers, he acts as both trainer and healer. Or more accurately, he believes there's no real division between the two roles. Seo acquired his knowledge of the body through extensive hands-on experience. "Master Seo," says one friend and patient, "has the touch of a blind sculptor."

Ancient or not, several of Seo's techniques are heretical to Western trainers. For one thing, Seo advocates heat, particularly moist heat, in most situations in which Americans use ice. In the long run, he feels, heat is more beneficial because it improves circulation, which aids the body's natural healing process.

Seo sometimes has a tough time getting his message across, as when he treated junior welterweight champion Aaron Pryor for an injured right elbow before a title fight. "Daeshik warned us to use heat instead of ice when we tried to treat Aaron's injury ourselves," says Pryor's wife, Theresa, "but it went so much against what other trainers told us that we didn't listen. Daeshik got upset with us. But he agreed to work on Aaron's elbow himself with massage and acupressure and heat, but after he was through, he scolded Aaron and said, 'Now maybe you listen to me!' We will, too."

A few years ago it would have been surprising if a Holmes or a Pryor had even considered listening to Seo. When he arrived in Manchester, N.H. in 1975 from Seoul, he had $380 and an English vocabulary that wouldn't have helped him at a Burger King. He also had a wife and four children to support. Seo says he came to the U.S. "because my sister was here, and she said to me, 'Daeshik, this is the country where you can put all your talents and abilities to real use, where you can make the life you want for your family,' and I believed it."

Seo's résumé included a B.S. in physical education, sports medicine and physiology from Kwangju National Teachers College, a masters in the same disciplines granted by the Korean Ministry of Education, an international Tae Kwon Do master instructor's certificate, a gold medal in modern dance from the International Culture Association and stints of teaching volleyball, gymnastics, track, basketball, judo and soccer (his Korean high school national champion team qualified for the Asian Junior Soccer Championship in 1965). He also was the Korean lightweight boxing champion for six years, and he has a seventh-degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do. Unfortunately, he had no degree in the politics of the American education system, and he soon added the term "overqualified" to his rapidly expanding English vocabulary. He found work teaching boxing, yoga and Tae Kwon Do—he's now president of the American Korean Tae Kwon Do Association—at New Hampshire College, and, later coaching the soccer team at Daniel Webster College. Still, he was forced to supplement his income by taking other jobs.



Seo's fortunes changed when William Bowers, a friend of his from New Hampshire, happened to pass through Easton before the Holmes-Cooney fight and by happenstance met one of Holmes's sparring partners, who had a knot in his calf. Bowers applied acupressure, which he had learned from Seo, and relieved the ailment. The man was impressed, and Bowers said his work was nothing compared to that of this remarkable fellow in New

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Hampshire who treated virtually any athletic injury without ice or drugs. Word got back to Holmes, who was intrigued enough to send two plane tickets to New Hampshire so that Bowers and Seo would come to Easton. "I was fortunate that my first experience in American boxing was with a man like Eddie Futch," says Seo, who now calls Futch "my American father." Seo has been working with champions ever since.

When Michael Dokes injured his right arm preparing for his WBA heavyweight championship match with Mike Weaver last December, Willie Brown, a member of Dokes's camp, called Seo and asked him to fly to Las Vegas. "I couldn't throw a hard right without a pain that felt like a needle jabbing into me," says Dokes. "I was worried about more than just the Weaver fight." Seo discovered two twisted tendons and a twisted nerve in Dokes's arm, and after numerous hot towel applications and massages, he realigned the tendons. Three days later Dokes resumed sparring.

Seo's static stretching therapy goes against the grain of teachers and trainers who still believe stretching weakens muscles. Bob Anderson, author of *Stretching*, who has worked with the Dodgers, Lakers, Broncos and other pro teams, feels that American athletic teaching at the high school level is still "mostly medieval. You just can't convince these old-timers that stretching not only relaxes a muscle, but that it also increases a muscle's efficient strength. The result is that thousands of American athletes wind up with brittle, injury-prone bodies by the time they're 30."

Seo, who's 43, has the flexibility of a man at least 15 years younger. "There's no reason why fighters like Roberto Duran and Alexis Arguello should be past their primes at age 30," he says. "But when I see them, they look stiff and slow, they are working 30-year-old bodies the way they worked 20-year-old bodies, and they end up moving as if they were 40. I would love to work with them, to design exercises to increase their flexibility and sharpen their reflexes."

He would also like to work out programs for Pryor and Ray Mancini. "They have great physical tools, but they get hit too much. That is so unnecessary. Boxing would not be so violent if more fighters were really taught how to box, how to defend themselves. It's almost as if Americans think it's unworthy of a fighter to block a punch." Ironically, several of Seo's countrymen, particularly junior welterweight Sang-Hyun Kim, junior bantamweight Chul-Ho Kim and the tragic lightweight Duk Koo Kim, have been known principally for their ability to stop punches with their heads. Seo insists that "this is the only type of Korean fighter that American promoters are giving audiences a chance to see. Korean fighters are rugged, and the promoters want fighters who will not be easily knocked out. They don't care about the welfare of the fighters." But doesn't the average fan prefer a slugger to a clever boxer? Says Seo: "Weren't Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard masters of defensive boxing? Haven't people paid to see them?"

Seo believes that martial-arts techniques can be successfully applied to Western boxing. "He taught me a dozen things I had never seen before," says Dokes, "things like techniques for slipping punches, and how to bring your opponent's guard down and deliver your own punch in one motion, without exposing yourself. The man knows what he's talking about."

Despite his success as an amateur boxer, special trainer and physical therapist, Seo's boxing ambitions have yet to be fulfilled. What he would most enjoy, he says, is "working with a young fighter who wishes to learn, someone who has not yet been molded into thinking he must fight a certain way because that is what people want to see." His training would include stretching exercises for increasing flexibility and reach. "Give me," he says, "a muscle-bound fighter with a 65-inch reach, and I will give him a reach of 69 inches." He would also teach martial-arts techniques "for blocking punches" and gymnastics "to keep the body limber and to teach balance and how to fall properly so as not to cause injury when hitting the canvas. All fighters must eventually hit the canvas; it is the ones who are in the best condition who will get up."

As one would expect of an Oriental approach, Seo's regimen provides for the mind as well as the body, in addition to special training and diet, his program would include movies selected to put his fighter in the right frame of mind. *Rocky*, for instance? "I don't think so," he says. "That would create the wrong attitude for a young fighter. That is a movie; in real life, you do not become a champion by letting someone hit you." **END**

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MIDSUMMER MADNESS

Maybe it was the heat wave that's been cooking most of the country. Maybe it was the baleful influence of El Niño or that Mexican volcano or Halley's Comet, which is heading our way again. Whatever it was, things have gone a little crazy in sports lately. .

THE BAT

Nothing was nuttier than the tremendous foofaraw that arose last week over George Brett's bat and the amount of pine tar thereon (*page 60*) That eminent moralist, Manager Billy Martin of the Yankees, was offended by Brett's violation of a minor baseball rule and more or less spooked the umpires into agreeing with him, thus throwing the entire country into a turmoil—not to forget Brett, who, after the umpires called his home run null and void, looked for a few minutes as though he were going to explode like an M-80.

Newspapers throughout the country hopped on the story, and TV stations ran and reran tapes of the home run, the umpires' strange decision and Brett's fury. In provincial New York City, surely the most small-townish of all the great cities in the world, nothing else seemed to matter. When American League President Lee MacPhail handed down his decision reversing the umpires' call and wounding Martin's sense of righteousness, even the staid *New York Times* went a little wacko, running the story under a three-column headline on the front page, right there with news stories on the fighting in Central America, the crisis in the Middle East, Soviet purchases of American grain and President Reagan's crime commission. The next day the *Times*, still tingling with the excitement of it all, ran a column of commentary on the incident on its Op-Ed page.

The two New York tabloids, the *Daily News* and the *Post*, trotted out their big, black, end-of-the-world headline type to trumpet the earthshaking news to their readers, and a *Daily News* sports columnist, disagreeing with MacPhail's decision, wrote sternly, "I'm afraid . . . that Lee MacPhail let his sense of decency and fair play cloud his judgment," a statement that bears thinking about

Television, fascinated as always by the trivial, was particularly interested in the bat, and at MacPhail's press conference, the biggest and most tumultuous one ever held at the league office, cameramen vied with one another for shots of the league president with the notorious weapon. A Detroit TV station even wanted to send a camera crew to New York in order to follow the bat on its journey back to Brett, whose team was playing in Detroit. Collectors besieged Brett with offers for it, one supposedly bidding $10,000. Brett, restored to commendable sanity after his initial explosion, said the bat wasn't for sale and, after carefully cleaning off the excess pine tar that triggered the trouble, used it against the Tigers

A middle-aged woman seeking Brett's autograph found herself swept into one of the many impromptu press conferences Brett was subjected to during the week. She held up a copy of *The Kansas City Star* and asked him if he had seen the story about him in it.

"I don't read the papers, ma'am," Brett said. "Did you hear all these stupid questions? You think I want to read my stupid answers?"

WE'RE CONVINCED

A letter from the Kansas City Kings, one of the NBA's most financially troubled franchises, arrived in our office the other day with the envelope stamped: "Postage Due—17¢."

HELLO, VICTOR. GOODBY, VICTOR

In the Intercontinental Cup Games in Antwerp, Belgium, where baseball teams from Cuba and the U.S. were meeting in the championship game, Centerfielder Victor Mesa of Cuba began mocking the plate umpire, Tom Ravashiere, an American, before the first pitch was thrown. To end the fuss, Ravashiere loudly ordered U.S. Pitcher Vince Barger to start the game. Barger threw. Mesa jumped hurriedly into the batter's box, swung and hit the ball over the fence for a home run. Rounding third base, the flamboyant Cuban again taunted the umpire, using an obscene gesture, and Ravashiere thumbed him out of the game—right there between third and home. He let Mesa complete the circuit, but then Victor was gone—before the second pitch of the game was thrown.

Cuba won anyway, 8–4, and Mesa was voted Most Valuable Player in the 28-game tournament. But Umpire Ravashiere showed that he, too, belonged in this bizarre summer.

NOT PAR FOR THE COURSE

A couple of young women in Lawrence, Kans. went out to play golf at the Alvamar Orchards course on a recent Sunday afternoon and, after renting not one but two golf carts, got a little farther off the fairway than you'd normally expect, even



for Sunday golfers. Late in the afternoon someone spotted the two carts being driven out-of-bounds—off the course, that is—near the 5th hole. Because the vehicles are valued at about $3,000 each, and because they've had other wandering carts damaged, course officials rushed around in an effort to locate them, without success. Then they called the cops.

Leaping into action, the law eventually found the missing carts half a mile from the course, parked behind a Mexican restaurant called Becerros. The two young women, Rebecca Morrow Rohling and Sandra Dee Capps, were inside, having a bite and drinking margaritas. They explained to police that after playing two successive holes badly, they felt hot and tired and thirsty and decided to slip over to Becerros for some refreshment. They

continued

fully intended to return the carts when they had finished, they said.

The two women were taken into custody and each was charged—not with theft, however inadvertent, but with operating a vehicle with no taillights, no stoplights, no turn signals, no horn, no mirror, no wipers, no windshield, no registration and no insurance.

AFTER THE MIRACLE, A BENEDICTION

In a variation on the Big Game bets that politicians are always making—a dozen of my state's prized crabs against a barrel of your state's famed pretzels, that sort of thing—the *Detroit Free Press* and *The Philadelphia Inquirer* made a wager of their own before the USFL title game between the Michigan Panthers and the Philadelphia Stars. The paper in the losing team's city would place a full-page congratulatory ad in the paper in the winning city. And so it was, after Michigan's 24–22 victory over Philadelphia, that *The Inquirer* and its sister paper, the *Philadelphia Daily News*, jointly ran this almost magnanimous message in the *Free Press*: ON ANY GIVEN SUNDAY MIRACLES DO HAPPEN. CONGRATULATIONS, PANTHERS.

UMPIRE ON THE MOVE

Back to umpires for a minute. Traditionally, they are impassive men, impartial, unflappable, unshaken by threats, impervious to emotion—until you push them a little too far and they give you the thumb, thus ending the argument. But the arbiters seem to have come a little apart this summer.

In San Diego last Friday night, when Umpire Satch Davidson called a pitch a ball and aroused Padre Pitcher John Montefusco's resentment, Montefusco yelled something unpleasant at Davidson from the mound. Ordinarily, it is the player who runs at the umpire shouting things, but this time it was different. Davidson, outraged by Montefusco's epithet, ripped off his mask and raced out to the mound—"First time I ever saw an umpire charge a player," said a TV announcer. Standing head-to-head with Montefusco, Davidson angrily berated the suddenly contrite pitcher—who offered no further objection—and then stomped back to his position behind home plate, peace and authority restored in a world turned upside down.

THE BEST LAID PLANS . . .

Last Thursday, at just about the time Lee MacPhail was monopolizing the attention of the media with his Brett-bat decision, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee was holding its own press conference in New York City to announce its plans for running the Olympic torch through the 50 states before the Games begin next July 28. It was a beautifully conceived press conference, held one year to the day before the opening of the Olympics and staged not in an ornate hotel ballroom but, rather sentimentally, in the gym of the Madison Square Boys Club. Jim Thorpe's grandson is going to run a leg with the torch and so is Jesse Owens' granddaughter, and the LAOOC

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SI 8/8

felt, with some logic, that its announcement would get fairly widespread attention. And it probably would have, if not for Brett and that pine-tar bat.

Well, you win one, you lose one, LAOOC.

NOT GETTING THE MESSAGE

Little League Baseball Inc. of Williamsport, Pa. has asked writer Darrell Berger for permission to reprint a story he wrote for the PERSPECTIVE section of the June 6 issue of SI in which he recounted having taught his 5-year-old niece to hit a softball. Berger's piece, which centered on the girl's reaction to an inadvertent beanball, made clear that fear is common among children of both sexes, but that, with proper encouragement, girls can take to baseball the same as boys. These are themes that should be of interest to Little League. After all, a flurry of lawsuits in the early '70s forced the organization to change its charter to include girls, and they are now playing at all levels of Little League.

But these concessions to sexual equality apparently aren't reflected in the attitudes of Little League officials. In requesting the right to reprint Berger's story in the 1983 Little League World Series program, they asked him to change the identity of the girl to that of "a slightly older boy." A Little League spokesman said the purpose of the change was to "increase [the story's] relevancy" because the overwhelming majority of Little Leaguers are boys. But stories such as Berger's—unaltered—could help change attitudes so as to eventually increase the number of girls playing youth baseball. Concluding that the folks at Little League had missed the central point he was trying to make, Berger politely refused them permission to reprint his story.

FORMIDABLE FALL LINEUP

Get a load of the 1983 Wake Forest home football schedule. The Demon Deacons open with fireworks on Sept. 3, followed by Bob Hope on Sept. 17, the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders on Oct. 1, the Four Tops and the Temptations on Oct. 15, Tanya Tucker on Oct. 22 and Firefall on Nov. 5. They're attractions—all included in the price of admission, understand—to entertain Deacon fans either at halftime or after the final gun. In past years the Deacons have played before lots of empty seats—typically 5,000 or more per game—in their 31,500-capacity Groves Stadium, and school officials are hoping the new football-*cum*-live entertainment policy will fill up the place. If the scheme works, the $200,000 or so the school has paid to book the various show-biz attractions will be well worth it.

Oh, yes, the teams the Deacons will play on the above dates—just in case anybody wants to know—are Appalachian State, Western Carolina, North Carolina State, Maryland, Virginia and Duke.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

At Saratoga racetrack in upstate New York last Friday afternoon, the small elevator that runs from ground level to the press box got stuck between floors. Leo Golonka, the operator of the elevator, cried out, "Help, help," in a doleful voice. It was a very hot day, and people scurried around trying to find someone who could get the trapped elevator moving again. Meanwhile, Leo continued to call, "Help, help." A friend yelled down the shaft, "Leo, are you O.K.? What can I do for you?" "Box me the 2-5-7 in the next race," Leo cried.

SAM'S SCORE

And what about Sam Snead? He's 71, he's having trouble with his eyes, he's long had the yips on the greens, and people have been going around lately saying, "Poor old Sam, he's all through." Last week poor old Sam went out to play a friendly round on the par-72 Lower Cascades course in Hot Springs, Va. and shot a 60, equaling the second-best round of his career (his best was a 59 in the Greenbrier Open in 1959, when he was a kid of 47). His remarkable scorecard showed 12 birdies and six pars, and he didn't come close to a bogey. Doug O'Brien, a business associate of Snead's and his partner in the round against Basil Frye and Bill Sheldon, called Snead's performance "the most unbelievable thing I've ever witnessed. I felt like I should have been rooting for him, like at a football game."

"We were playing for a little loot," explained Snead, "but in a period of 11 holes I had nine birds, and they all got to pullin' for me."

He missed a tough eight-foot putt for another birdie on the par-3 17th, and on the 18th had a 25-foot attempt for a 59. "I went for it," Sam said of that putt, "but I guess I'd made too many already."

Snead attributed the round to practice sessions. "I noticed I wasn't hitting through the ball," he said. "I heard a baseball announcer say on TV that one of the players wasn't extending his arms. I figured if it works in baseball, it works in golf. I started extending my arms, and I hit everything right at the hole."

ELECTRIFYING ATTITUDE

Lightning hit a light pole near a baseball diamond in Ellisville, Mo. in suburban St. Louis one night last week, jumped to a nearby fence and ran about 30 yards to a dugout, where it struck a post against which a softball player named Rob Brown was leaning.

Brown was knocked flat by the jolt. When he was helped to his feet a few moments later he had a slight headache ("I can't hear real well," he said, "but other than that I feel fine") and a burning sensation in one of his feet. When he took off his shoe to look at his foot, he found a hole singed in his sock.

That didn't stop him. When play was resumed 30 minutes later, there was Brown, still in the lineup. He contributed a base hit to his team's 15–7 victory and even got into a squabble with an opposing player. Said an observer, "He's the kind of guy you want on your side."

THEY SAID IT

- Anthony Griggs, Philadelphia Eagles linebacker, on why he doesn't like the term "outside linebacker". "They've been using that name for 50 years. 'External enforcer' is more new-wave."
- Joe Torre, the Atlanta Braves' balding manager, explaining why he calls his hairdo a Watergate: "I cover up everything I can."
- George Rogers, New Orleans Saints running back, asked if he had any goals this season: "I want to gain 1,500 or 2,000 yards, whichever comes first."
- Dave Casper, Houston Oilers tight end, on the rigors of preseason training camp: "You've just got to force yourself to put your mind on automatic pilot. You make yourself numb as you can. The more numb you are, the better you can deal with it."

END

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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 9, 1993

Boom Time For



Pittsburgh

Explosive hitters like Dave Parker, Jason Thompson and Bill Madlock have powered the Pirates to first place in the National League East Division **by STEVE WULF**



CONTINUED

And they thought swing was dead. The Pittsburgh Pirates and their legendary bats were buried near the bottom of the National League East at the All-Star break. But since then they've been baseball's hottest team. They took over first place on July 20 and by the end of last week their second-half record was 20–7.

In their astonishing turnabout, the Pirates, as real Pirates do, have been hitting: .284 since the break. But they have also gotten help from a few unlikely sources, including some batting cages north of Pittsburgh, a sportswriter from Virginia and a bird dog in New Jersey.

The North Park Batting Cages had a distinguished visitor for the three days of the break. Each day Dave Parker, a.k.a. the Cobra, Parkway, Bluto, went to North Park with his 20-month-old daughter Danielle to work on his swing. At the time, Parker was batting .242 with a measly three home runs and 21 runs batted in, and the Buccos were in fifth place, 6½ games out of first, trailing even the Cubs. Fifty-five cents buys you 10 pitches, and Parker spent more than $5 a day, which came to about 300 swings in three days. And in one of those swings, he found the secret to the Pirates' astonishing rise to the top of the National League East. From the All-Star break to the end of last week, Parker hit .340 with three homers and 14 RBIs, raising his average 29 points. Not coincidentally, the Pirates were tearing up the opposition. Their six victories last week—three over the Padres in Pittsburgh, three over the Mets in New York—put them a game ahead of second-place Philadelphia and St. Louis. The Pirates, who are paying Parker $1 million on this, the final year of his contract, owe him another $15.

Pirate fans owe Parker, too, and on the last homestand, they began to repay him. Once they pelted him with boos and radio batteries. But on July 19 they gave him a standing ovation for a nice catch he made against the Dodgers, and on Monday of last week, after his third hit of the game, a three-run eighth-inning homer, beat the Padres 6–3, they called him out of the dugout. Hard as it is to believe, it was the first curtain call of his career.

The next night, in Parker's first at bat of the second game of a doubleheader, they gave him another heartwarming ovation. The Pittsburgh fans also may be saying goodby: Parker can, and probably will, become a free agent at the end of this season.

In the meantime, as Steve Garvey of the Padres says, "The coil is back in the Cobra." Parker will drag his 32-year-old body up to the plate as if he were in an oldtimers' game. Then he'll lash a line drive and steal second. Parker is frightening not only to pitchers, but to first basemen who must stare into his power and to infielders who feel the earth move when he steals. There are 25 pounds less of Parker than there once were, thanks to the Cambridge Diet, but 235 pounds is 235 pounds. Still, he looks great.

In a way, the Pirates have been just like Parker, limping along until they've convinced just about everyone that they're through, and then they make their move. And it hasn't just been Parker. Marvell Wynne, the best baseball name to come along in a while, arrived from the minors in mid-June, and since then Pittsburgh has been winning, thanks to his marvellous talents in centerfield and leading off. He came recommended by, of all people, a sportswriter.

Pirate pitching had been steady, if unspectacular, until last week, when Jose DeLeon, up from Hawaii by way of Perth Amboy, N.J. and the Dominican Republic, flirted with two no-hitters. On Wednesday, in his second major league start, he held the Padres hitless for 6⅓ innings and won 10–1. On Sunday he carried a no-hitter into the ninth against the Mets until, with one out, Hubie Brooks singled past Shortstop Dale Berra. Even though the Pirates eventually lost 1–0 in 12 innings, it was a great day for Perth Amboy, DeLeon's adopted hometown. "I used 50 passes, and that wasn't enough," he said after the game.

DeLeon may have just arrived, but



Flashing speed on the bases and in the field, Wynne has been a Marvell since the Pirates got him in a trade with the Mets on June 14

Larry McWilliams has been doing his job all season. He has emerged as one of the best lefthanders in the league this year. And Kent Tekulve is up to his old underhanded ways as the bullpen's finisher.

And, of course, there is the Pirate stock-in-trade—hitting. Leftfielder Mike Easler was hitting .327 through last Sunday and Third Baseman Bill Madlock was chasing his fourth batting title at .328. First Baseman Jason Thompson was third in the league in on-base percentage. Catcher Tony Peña and Second Baseman Johnny Ray were in the .290s, Berra had raised his average nearly 30 points to .243, and reserves Lee Lacy and Jim Morrison were hitting .312 and .354, respectively.

"It's scary," says Jim Frey, the Mets' batting coach. "Every time one of those guys comes up, the Diamond Vision screen has this box on it that says, 'So-and-so is hitting .495 in his last 25 games,' or, 'This guy has hit in 35 of his last 37 games,' or, 'What's-his-name has so many multiple-hit games this year.' That's why they call them the Pittsburgh Lumber Company."

The Slumber Company was more like it on June 19, when the Pirates lost to the Phillies 14–2 to fall to 23–36—8½ games from the lead. That night, Manager Chuck Tanner said, "This may not be the end. It may only just be the beginning." The next day the Pirates swept a doubleheader from the Cubs, winning both games in extra innings, to start a nine-game winning streak. Tanner is an unbridled optimist whose favorite saying is, "There are three secrets to managing. The first secret is, have patience. The second is, be patient. And the third and most important secret is, patience."





Ray (left) is Johnny-on-the-spot at second base; Yogi's kid has been the standard Berra at short.

Tekulve says, "I don't think our turnaround is a tribute to patience as much as it is a tribute to bullheadedness. We absolutely, positively refused to believe we were that bad. And, believe me, we were really bad. Stinko. Manure."

Just before the All-Star break, the Pirates went into a mini-slump, falling back into fifth, and there were outward signs of concern. Parker was benched against lefthanders, and the Pirates made an appointment with an eye doctor for him, although Parker decided not to go. And Tekulve, who can also become a free agent, said he might not sign with the Pi-

continued

rates. It was even suggested in some quarters that the Pirate clubhouse, long known as baseball's loosest, was subdued. Actually, the stereo had been turned down, but only because a cable-TV system had been installed by the new 48% owners of the Pirates, Warner Communications Inc. That's all, folks.



First place always puts a smile on Tanner's face.

During the San Diego series last week, the Pirate clubhouse was alive with the usual loud and ribald antics. Parker, always the center of attention, threatened various clubhouse lads with mayhem ("It's a good thing I'm not in a bad mood, because I could kill about a dozen of you little things") and showed off his new two-tone shoes ("They cost as much as a small sports car"). Jim Bibby, a pitcher who has not been going well, announced that he would be available for interviews. Peña got on Tanner about his new haircut. Madlock walked into Tanner's office and said he wanted to be traded, and Tanner said fine. Madlock also announced he was going after Steve Garvey's National League consecutive-game record—"I have eight already." Berra, who's called Yogi for some reason, brought fresh corn, salami, tomatoes and bread from home.

Wynne, 23, walked into this den of Pirates on June 15, fresh from Tidewater in the International League, having been traded by the Mets for Catcher Junior Ortiz. The Pirates originally wanted the Mets' utility man, Bob Bailor, for Ortiz, but settled for Wynne.

The team owes a debt of thanks to a couple of sportswriters. Last year Wynne batted only .230 for Tidewater, but he stole 28 bases and drove in 65 runs batting second. George McClelland, sports editor of *The Virginian-Pilot* of Norfolk, was so impressed by Wynne that he told Charley Feeney, the amiable baseball writer for the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, that Wynne might be the guy to replace Omar Moreno, if Moreno became a free agent. Feeney relayed the information to Pittsburgh G.M. Pete Peterson, and the Pirates sent their chief scout, Howie Haak, to cross-check Wynne. The Pirates' original report on Wynne said he had only an outside chance of ever being a major-leaguer, but Haak liked what he saw the second time around. As soon as the trade was made, Tanner announced that Wynne was his centerfielder. While Pittsburgh had been getting good run production out of Lee Mazzilli, opposing teams were taking brazen liberties with Mazzilli's throwing arm, and balls that could have been caught were falling in. Wynne changed that. "The boy makes my job a lot easier," says Parker, "and he has a gun, I mean a gun, for an arm." Last weekend, as the Pirates took three of five from his old team, Wynne made half a dozen remarkable catches.

Wynne says his name is no big deal—"I know at least two other Marvells." Though his average has jumped (.281 on Sunday, up from .239 in a week) and he's starting to steal bases, it's his defense that makes him special.

A trade the Pirates made last June has also paid unexpected dividends. Pittsburgh sent Pitcher Pascual Perez to Atlanta for McWilliams, and yes, the deal helped both teams. Perez is now 12–2 and McWilliams is 10–5, but with a little luck he might easily have been better. The trade is a constant source of needling, though. "Whenever he gets into trouble," says Madlock, McWilliams in earshot, "I go to the mound and tell him, 'McCloud, Pascual won last night.' "

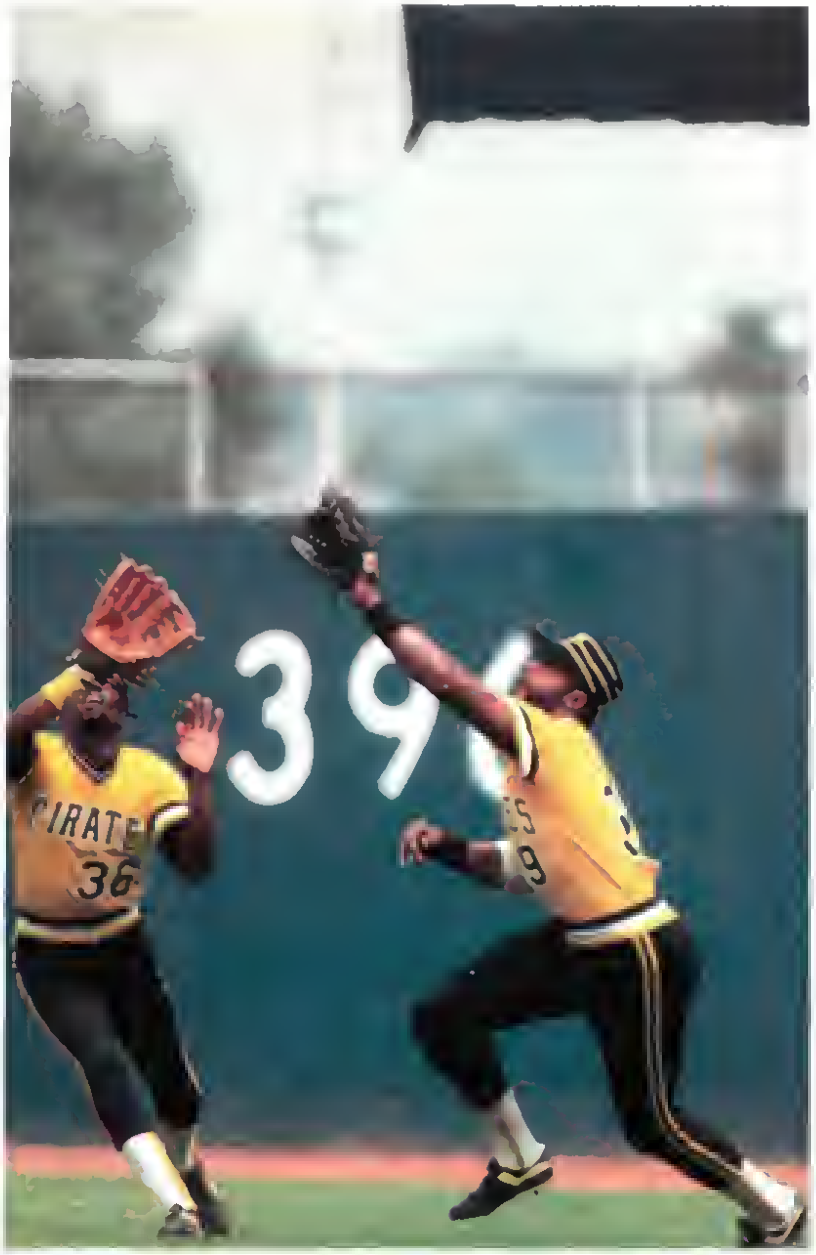
McWilliams is called McCloud because he bears a resemblance to Dennis Weaver, the star of the old TV series *McCloud*. He talks in a Fort Worth accent, leads the league in smiles, likes motorcycles and plays the guitar. Dennis Weaver, however, does not have a sneaky fastball or a forkball.

Two years ago, McWilliams was on the scrap heap after a promising beginning with the Braves. "I was something like 1–7 at Richmond with an ERA above seven," says McWilliams. "As one sportswriter put it, 'His statistics border on the obscene,' and I thought he put it pretty well." That's when the Braves' minor league pitching coach, Johnny Sain, took McWilliams aside, worked with him for days on end, eliminated his windup and gave him renewed confidence. McWilliams won 11 of his last 12 starts at Richmond and had two complete-game victories in Atlanta after that. But when he started slowly for the Braves in 1982, they packaged him to Pittsburgh.

Now, for the first time all season, the Pirates have assembled a rotation. Look what it did last week: Rick Rhoden beat the Padres Monday and would have beat-

McWilliams' sky doesn't have McClouds.





Wynne and Parker have teamed up to make the tough catches in the Pittsburgh outfield.

en the Mets Saturday—the decision in a 6–3 win went to Rod Scurry—had he not been injured after 4⅓ innings. Rookie Lee Tunnell beat the Padres in a complete game on Tuesday. Then, of course, there's DeLeon, who was called up from the Pacific Coast League to make a few emergency starts. After three of those emergencies, he is 2–0, allowing three runs in 26 innings with 27 strikeouts.

DeLeon came recommended to the Pirates by an old friend of Peterson, a scout named Sam Marsicano. The Pirates made him a third-round pick in the June 1979 draft, and he has begun to pay dividends. He is a better pitcher, though, than a barber. Last week he did such a bad job of cutting the hair of two-year-old Tony Peña Jr. that he had to trim it all off.

The mainstays of the staff, McWilliams and John Candelaria, also performed well last week. McWilliams stopped the Mets 6–2 on Thursday, and on Friday Candelaria got his 10th win by beating Tom Seaver 2–1 as Easler and Peña hit homers. The Pirates also got excellent relief performances from Manny Sarmiento and Cecilio Guante, who struck out the side with the bases loaded to save Rhoden's win over the Padres.

Still, despite all this good pitching, the Pirates were 10th in the league in ERA at week's end. Said Madlock, "It just seems that when we score two runs, the pitchers give up one, and when we score 10, they give up nine." Were it not for Bibby's and Scurry's numbers—7.82 and 5.19, respectively—Pittsburgh would be third in the NL in ERA.

But the Pirates, as they have been since Smoky Burgess was in knee pants, are a hitting team. They averaged 5.3 runs a game last week, with a different hero every day. Monday it was Parker, Tuesday, Easler; Wednesday, Ray, Thursday, Thompson; Friday, Peña; Saturday, Rhoden. Sunday, it should have been Thompson again, because he hit a first-inning grand-slam homer, but the Pirates ended up losing the game in extra innings 7–6. Even though they lost the second game 1–0, again in extra innings, they did not lose their grip on first place.

To a man, the Pirates agree their pennant chances depend largely on the big guy, Parker. "It's like when I was managing the White Sox," says Tanner. "With Dick Allen in the lineup, everybody was a better hitter; they didn't have as much pressure. When he was injured, suddenly nobody could hit. Parker is that important to us. When he's hitting, he makes everybody a better hitter."

"I was pressing at the beginning of the year," says Parker. "Tried to do too much. My contract was up. I felt healthy for the first time in a long time. I knew this team had more talent than we were showing. So I was pressing."

But then Parker started going over to North Park. The batting cages have been almost magical to the Pirates. During the '81 strike, Madlock went to North Park frequently, and ended up winning the batting title. The Pirates like the fact that the cages there have old-fashioned arms that simulate real pitchers' arms, not the spinning wheels of the new machines. Also, they are very fast. "Nolan Ryan has got nothing on those machines," says Parker.

When Parker went there to work last month, though, he kept the speed down at medium. "I needed to work on things," he says. "I was lunging at the ball. My stride was off, and I was popping up a lot. So I worked on getting the head of my bat out in front quicker, and it helped. First, my confidence came back. Pretty soon, Dave Parker was back."

And as Dave Parker goes, so go the Pittsburgh Pirates. **END**

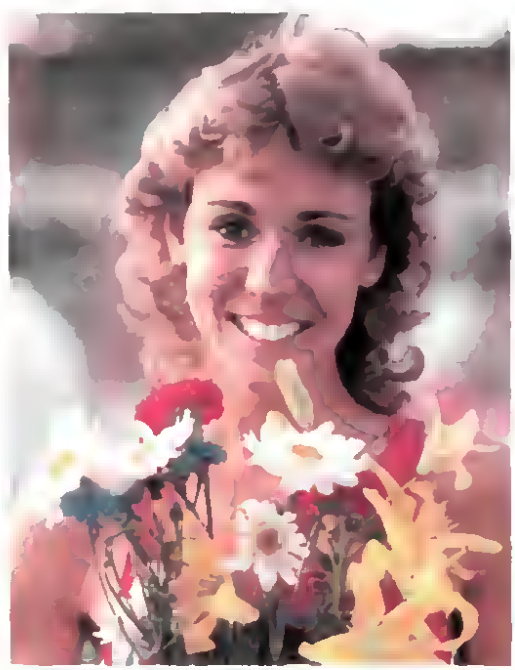
A Double Decker For Mary

Mary Decker set American marks at 800 and 1,500 meters while tuning up for track's World Championships

by CRAIG NEFF

For six days Mary Decker had hidden away at a small hotel in central Stockholm, where, she said, "No one could possibly find me." For weeks, as she'd tried to train at home in Eugene, Ore., no one had left her alone. She had sat through interview after business deal after photo session. Decker had wanted to prepare for next week's World Championships in Helsinki, where she'll run 1,500 and 3,000 meters. Others had wanted her to prepare a Mary Decker aerobic disco dance album. "It was all getting to be too much for me," said Decker early last week. "I needed to get away."

And so she had come to warm, peaceful Stockholm, where most of the 97 members of the U.S. World Championship team were gathering for a low-key dual meet against a squad from the Nordic countries. But Decker stayed away from even her teammates. She took long, easy runs, slept off jet lag and focused intently on the 1,500 meters she would race on July 26. What Decker wanted was nothing less than an American record.



After her Stockholm win Mary got a bouquet—and a cold

At the gun she was away, only Canada's Brit McRoberts within 10 yards of her as she ran an opening lap of 62.61—3.6 off the U.S.-record pace Decker had set in Zurich in 1980. McRoberts then began to struggle, as if caught in soft beach sand. The race, in effect, was already over. Decker drew 30, 40, 50 yards ahead and began chasing the record alone.

The Stockholm meet came amid a year of peaks and valleys for Decker. On the down side, she separated from husband Ron Tabb in March, and subsequently developed a pre-ulcer condition. More happily, she won national titles at 1,500 and 3,000 meters and found new emotional contentment in the form of 270-pound British discus thrower Richard Slaney, her current companion. Best of all, for the first time in years she hasn't suffered any leg injuries. Or almost none. She did develop a sore tendon in her right leg three weeks ago after the orthotic inserts in her running shoes were chewed up by her 8-month-old Rottweiler, Samantha. "I got new ones, but they weren't quite the same," says Decker.

But now all the soreness had vanished, fortunately, and as Decker raced into her third lap she felt "strong, the strongest that I've felt, ever." Her 800-meter split of 2:06.94 put her 2.3 behind the record pace, yet those who had seen her race before, who had seen her set any of her 10 world or American records at distances from 1,500 to 10,000 meters in the last three years knew they were watching something special. Mary Decker had never looked so smooth, so relaxed, so powerful. In her third lap Decker was accelerating. Her U.S. mark of 3:59.43 was still in reach.

For the first time all evening the 14,399 fans who had crowded into ancient Stockholm Stadium roared their approval. They pulled Decker through the wide turns with rhythmic clapping and shouted her down the homestretch. The Tartan surface was deadly fast; the fans, in Decker's words, "fantastic, right to the end."

Decker had entered the gun lap at 2:54.46, moving to within .3 of the record pace. By then she was really flying and she crossed the finish line in 3:57.12. Decker had torn more than two seconds from her U.S. record and narrowed the gap considerably between herself and Tatyana Kazankina of the U.S.S.R., whose world mark is 3:52.47.

Afterward, Decker spoke of the confidence the Stockholm performance had given her to face her generally older and more muscular Soviet and Eastern European rivals in Helsinki. "I'll have to push the pace from the start," she said, "but even when they start to kick, I don't think they'll run away from me." And between now and Helsinki? "Oh, I'm running in Gateshead [England] on Sunday," said Decker. "An 800." She paused, then smiled. "I'm going for another American record." That was Madeline Manning's 1:57.9, which had stood for seven years.

Decker has always been exceptional at 800 meters, winning her first national title at the distance in 1974, when she was only 15. Last summer she ran two of the fastest 800s in U.S. history, 1:58.33 and 1:58.43. "I'm really afraid it'll be windy at Gateshead," said Decker. "I hear the

Decker's 3:57.12 in Stockholm cut more than two seconds off her 1,500 record.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TREVOR JONES

stadium there isn't enclosed. That could make a record impossible."

By Sunday, Decker had other worries—a cold and sore feet. She had contracted the cold during the half hour she had spent waiting around the victory stand in Stockholm. The next night, before the U.S. wrapped up its 232–186 team win, Decker was brought onto the track and presented with a huge bouquet of flowers. "Take another victory lap," prodded an official.

"I can't," said Decker. "I'm not warmed up. I don't even have any shoes on."

"Oh, come on," said the official.

She gave in. Barefoot, she jogged a lap on the hard track. The fans loved it, but her sore right tendon hated it, flaring with pain.

At Gateshead, despite her aches and pains—and a steady wind blowing up the homestretch—Decker took off at a ferocious pace behind rabbit Ovrill Dwyer-Brown of Jamaica. Dwyer-Brown, who had been asked for 200- and 400-meter splits of 28 and 58 seconds, was racing too eagerly. She passed through 200 meters in 27.28, eight yards ahead of Decker, and through 400 meters in 56.84—though by then Decker was right on her back. Spectators crowded the edge of the track, a sea of some 14,000 screaming faces. Just past 400 meters Dwyer-Brown pulled off to the infield.

Down the backstretch Decker opened a comfortable lead, reaching 600 meters in 1:27.42. She was laboring slightly, but now the record was hers to seize. Though she tied up in the final meters, Decker crossed the line at 1:57.60, a full 25 yards ahead of her nearest pursuer, Anne Purvis of Great Britain.

Decker's time still left her a disappointing 4.32 seconds behind the world record of 1:53.28, set five days earlier in Munich by Jarmila Kratochvilova of Czechoslovakia, but she had shaved .3 off Manning's mark. "I feel so bad I'll take any time under Madeline's record," Decker said weakly. She was pale, hoarse, coughing.

But with the World Championships only a week away, a double-Decker week was nothing to sneeze at. **END**

The Lady Was Too Hot To Handle

While others wilted, Jan Stephenson beat the heat to win her first Open **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

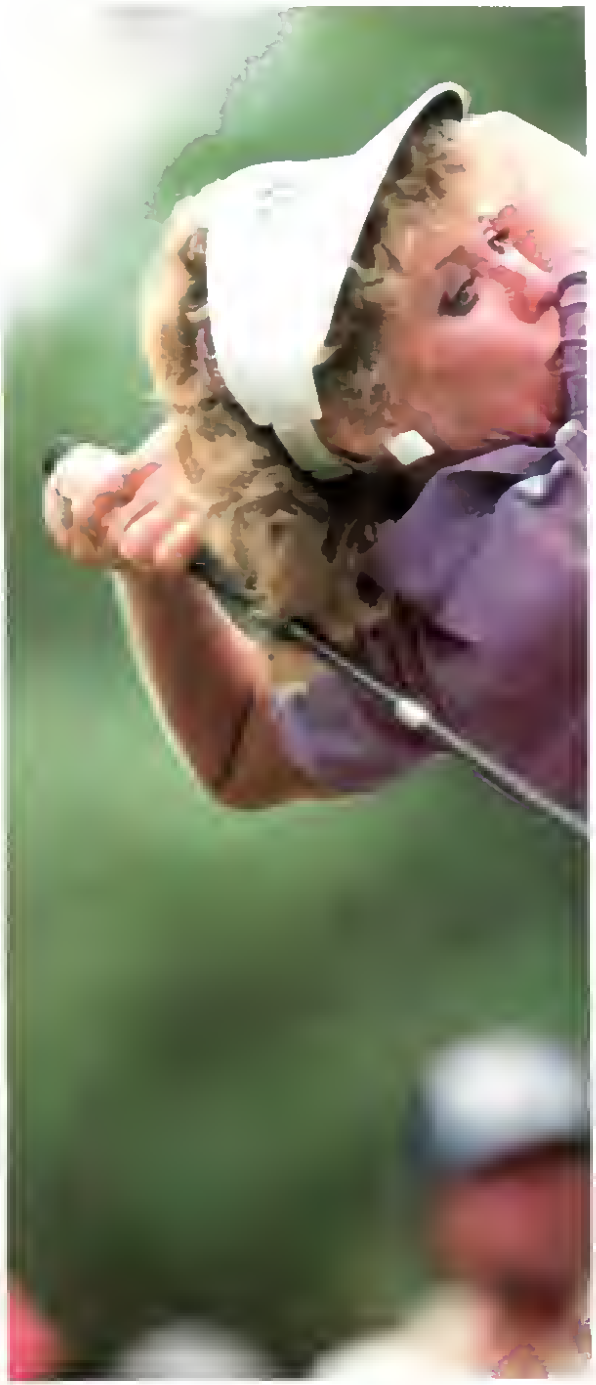
Jan Stephenson may be a part-time pinup girl with a 40-carat smile, but she proved last week at the U.S. Women's Open in Tulsa that she doesn't mind getting dirt under her fingernails and sweat on her brow. In conditions that lend character to a tournament and test the mettle of the competitors, Stephenson, 31, had the grit to win. She marched stoically through triple-digit heat and carefully marshaled her game on a Cedar Ridge Country Club course that baffled the best on the women's tour. While the others melted, Stephenson persevered to win the tournament she has coveted since she was a little girl in Sydney, Australia.

"Why do we have to hit practice balls before school?" Stephenson would ask her father, Frank. "Because," he would say, "someday you might win the U.S. Open."

It all came true on the broiling griddle that was Cedar Ridge. Stephenson practiced whenever she could, morning, noon and night, putting on the rug in her motel room after dark. "This is the tournament I want to win," she kept saying. And she did so by coming home Sunday with a final-round three-over-par 74 for a 290 total, one shot better than JoAnne Carner and Patty Sheehan. Cedar Ridge was so troublesome that it yielded only three rounds under 70 all week, including a 68 by Carner on Sunday that almost won her the tournament. The 44-year-old Carner had opened with an 81 on Thursday, after which she was pronounced "too old" to tolerate the heat. "I wish it could have been a 54-hole tournament," quipped Big Momma—the last 54.

Sheehan, who had a three-shot lead after 36 holes but closed with rounds of 76 and 73, spoke for the rest of the roughed-up players when she said, "What a course. I feel like I've been in a washing machine." Stephenson's winning score was the highest since Hollis Stacy won the '77 Open with a 292 at Hazeltine in Chaska, Minn. However, it was also a bit misleading. With two holes to play on Sunday, Stephenson was four over par with a three-stroke lead.

Wisely, she played those last two holes via the safest possible routes, happy to settle for bogeys. She got them, but not before a brush with disaster when her long second shot to the 17th hole left her between a tree and a road with a tricky loh shot over a bunker to the green. She made a flawless shot, got down in two putts—and then bogeyed the final hole for victory. "I was choking," Jan said afterward. 'My husband, Eddie, said he could tell how nervous I was because my lower lip was white. I haven't really made it a se-



For Stephenson, who almost left the ground on her follow-through, practice meant perfection.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN

cret how much the Open meant to me. It meant everything."

For Stephenson, the Open began in a weird way. On Thursday the stodgy USGA officials "suggested" to vendors at a booth on the Cedar Ridge grounds that they not display a poster that shows Stephenson with her skirt blown up above her thighs, coyly captioned: PLAY A ROUND WITH ME. Stephenson insists she is trying to shed her playgirl image, but she certainly knows how to snare a headline. After her first-round 72, USGA press officials ignored her, so she marched into the press room, grabbed the microphone and announced, "Jan Stephenson is in the interview room." Reporters came running. Says one LPGA official, "Jan is ruthless. She knows what she wants and goes after it."



As adept as she is at self-promotion, Stephenson is even better at managing a golf course. And, at 5′ 5″ and 115 pounds, she had a formidable opponent in the 6,298-yard Cedar Ridge layout. The course played so tough that when architect Joe Finger visited his creation one day, a bitter tournament official demanded to know, "Do you play golf?" Cedar Ridge has Bermuda rough, thick stuff that makes you feel as if you're hitting out of steel wool. The greens, as always in an Open, were hard and closely shaved. And every day an Oklahoma sun toasted them golden brown.

En route to her 81 Thursday, Carner four-putted the 15th hole, after which she said drippingly, "I love golf." Stacy went six over par on the first eight holes. "Instead of my yardage book, I was reaching for my flight guide," she said. Kathy Whitworth, the tour's alltime leader in victories but never an Open winner, was disqualified for signing an incorrect scorecard after an 80-76. She was three strokes off in her figures. Four, if you count heatstroke. Beth Daniel withdrew with a back problem, and Donna Caponi quit with a neck injury. "Cedar Ridge sounds like the name of a hospital anyway," said Marilyn Desjardins, a tour statistician.

Pat Bradley's third round Saturday illustrated Cedar Ridge's treachery. Bradley shot a 31 on the front nine, tying an Open record. She even made a hole in one with a five-iron on the 145-yard 6th hole. But quicker than you could say "Nice going, Pat," Bradley came in with a 40 on the back side. "This was a bittersweet round," she said.

Stephenson shot a 71 Saturday and swept into the lead, two shots ahead of Sheehan and Debbie Meisterlin, who was pleased just to be in the neighborhood. Meisterlin had not finished better than fifth in nine years as a pro. Last year she got married and quit the tour. Now, after an annulment, she is playing golf again—and quite well.

On Sunday, in what may have been a first, Meisterlin was paired with Stephenson in an "All-Annulment" group. Stephenson's first marriage, to her ex-business manager, Larry Kolb, was annulled last year, and she later married oilman Eddie Vossler. While her father was running for the clubhouse, sick to his stomach, Stephenson went into the water twice in the first five holes and momentarily fell into a tie with Meisterlin. But from that point the two went in opposite directions. Meisterlin shot an 83, while Stephenson hiked up her slacks and bagged herself an Open. On the 6th hole she nudged a chip shot down a hill to save par, and after that, the day was hers. Over the next 10 holes she made nine pars and a birdie when she cut a four-wood to within 2½ feet of the pin on the par-4 12th.

Only one little thing bothered her, Stephenson said later, after hugging her kinfolk and taking a call from President Reagan: those shots she hooked into trouble on the front nine. "I can't figure it out," she said. "I guess I have to go practice tomorrow."

Call her ruthless or relentless, Jan Stephenson knows how to win. END

Who Are These People, Anyway?

The hitting was familiar but the names were not as Pittsburgh opened the exhibition season by beating New Orleans **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

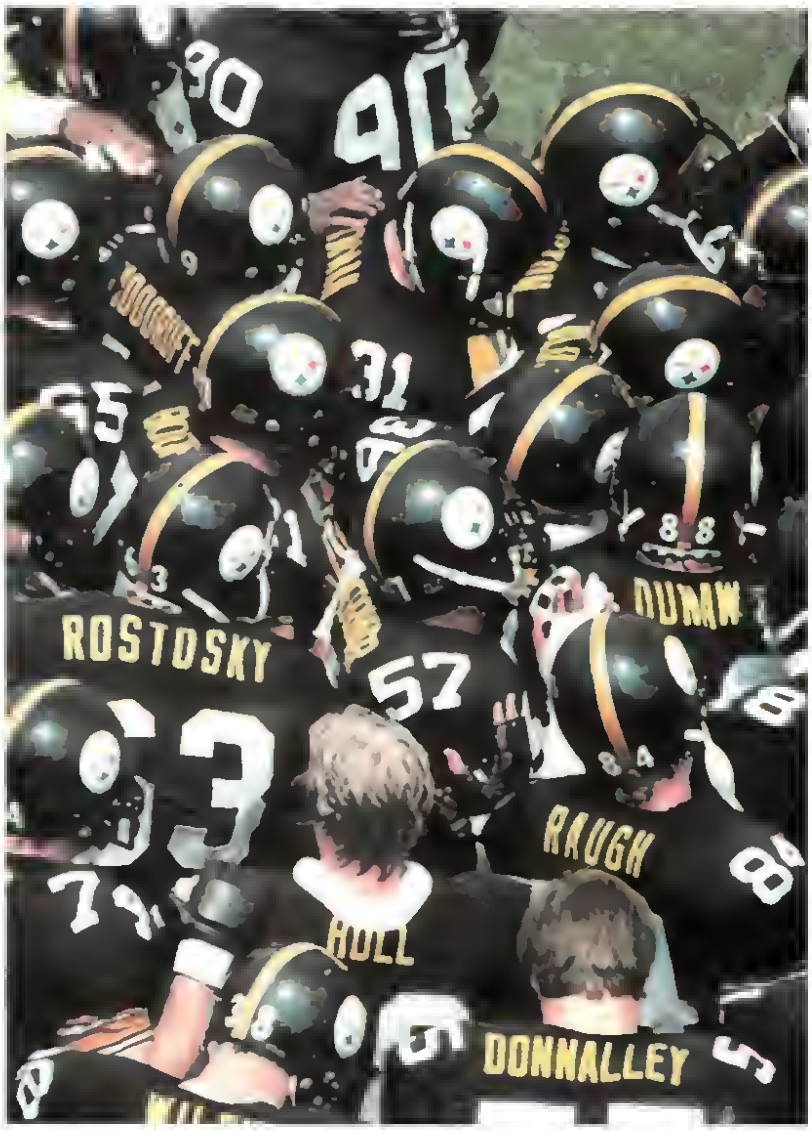
Words like "era" and "enshrinement" were heard everywhere in Canton, Ohio last weekend, but they weren't uttered by Chuck Noll, head coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers. Noll is fond of saying, "Every year is a transition year," and he does not believe in history except as revealed in films of his next opponent.

Asking Noll how he felt about the prospect of his entering the Pro Football Hall of Fame—as Paul Warfield, Sid Gillman, Sonny Jurgensen, Bobby Bell and Bobby Mitchell did on Saturday—was like asking Mother Theresa who should portray her in a TV series. Relieved of back pain by off-season surgery, *Noll has been relatively mellow in train*ing camp. But when reporters mentioned the shrine to NFL immortality, Noll winced like W.C. Fields at a reference to water. "I don't even know who's in the Hall of Fame," he said.

When the Steelers whipped the New Orleans Saints 27–14 in Saturday's Hall of Fame exhibition game at Canton, however, they did so with reminiscent heartiness, if not players to reminisce about. Joe Greene, Jack Ham, Lynn Swann, Andy Russell, Mike Wagner, Dwight White, Rocky Bleier, Jon Kolb and L.C. Greenwood were in retirement. Donnie Shell and John Stallworth were holding out. Jim Smith and Ray Pinney were in the USFL. Terry Bradshaw was back in the Latrobe, Pa. training camp nursing an injured right arm. Franco Harris, Jack Lambert, Mel Blount, Mike Webster and Larry Brown made token appearances. New blood carried the day.

Instead of Bradshaw—who looks like Chuck Connors—hurling bombs to Stallworth and Swann and Smith, here were Cliff Stoudt and Mark Malone—who look like Christopher Reeve and Mark Malone—zipping quick pops to wide receivers Calvin Sweeney and Greg Hawthorne, Tight End Bennie Cunningham and to unheard-of newcomers. Instead of Harris cutting inventively through the line, here—in a jazzy new variety of sets—were Walter Abercrombie and Frank Pollard alternating with one quicksilver rookie after another. Passes were intercepted and broken up by defenders with names like Hinkle, Kohrs, Washington and Washington. The Steel Curtain has been replaced by new defensive terrorists named Gabriel Rivera, a fleet 282-pound Chicano, Keith Gary, a refugee from the Canadian League; and Lonnie Kennell, a man with alligator scars all over his body.

Whether these new Steelers will be as effective against teams other than the Saints remains, of course, to be seen. But, since the great Pittsburgh Super Bowl teams were founded on the defensive line, which was founded on Joe Greene, it is worth noting that Rivera, like Greene, is from Texas and has a strange, soft-looking body and enormous natural strength. Here are some other noteworthy facts about "Señor Sack":



• He was a pinch runner on his high school baseball team and a 10.3 100-yard-dash man.

• His body has been compared to Babe Ruth's—an enormous round trunk on piano legs. Steeler coaches feel that as long as he stays around 290 pounds he is not overweight.

• While on a tunafish-and-sardine diet he ate 23 cans of tuna in one day, but not the cans themselves.

• At Texas Tech, the fans had a special cheer for him:

Two bits, four bits,
Six bits, a peso,
All for Rivera,
Stand up and say so.

• When asked about his consistency, Señor Sack said he had to work on it "Sometimes I feel like creaming a guy," he said, "and sometimes I just feel like torturing him."

Gary, who was the Steelers' first-round pick in 1981 but played the last two seasons with Montreal, has also been impressive in camp. Kennell, known as "Animal" or "Sweet Lonnie," wrestles alligators up to 900 pounds in the off-season. "He has a lot of tension in him," says an older Steeler.

"This is the best group of rookies we've had since I've been here," says fifth-year Cornerback Dwayne Woodruff, who, as you probably did not know, was the Steelers' MVP last year. "We definitely have another wave coming."

The last time the Steelers were talking that way in camp was in 1974, when Swann, Lambert, Stallworth and Webster joined the older immortals-to-be and helped the Steelers win four Super Bowls in six years. That era is over now, and so, apparently, is the three-year period when aging Steeler teams appeared in only one playoff game. There are 20 present Steelers who played on Super Bowl teams. Asked whether a new era may be dawning, Steeler President Dan Rooney said, "We're trying to still be in the same era." But that dynasty has moved on, probably by truck directly to the Hall of Fame.

The Steelers of the '70s could become the most enshrined NFL team ever. (Eight Green Bay Packers who strove together in the '60s, in addition to Vince Lombardi, are in the Hall.) Maybe the fact that so many Steelers will be up for consideration at the same time will work to their disadvantage. (Boyd Dowler, Max McGee and Paul Hornung of the Packers haven't made it. Kyle Rote has failed to join five of his '50s Giant teammates in enshrinement.) Russell, the only one of the likely candidates who has been retired long enough to be considered, has been eligible for two years and hasn't made it yet.

But however many Steelers eventually are selected, it should not soon be forgotten that four Super Bowls were won by an extraordinary group of inspired individualists. The still-vigorous Lambert is a good example. The bumper stickers on his truck say, CAUTION: I DON'T BRAKE FOR LIBERALS and GUNS CAUSE CRIME LIKE FLIES CAUSE GARBAGE. And he maintains a long-term friendship with a 90-year-old monk at St. Vincent College in Latrobe.

Today the younger players tell stories of "the old days," when Steelers had the feeling—and imposed it upon opponents—that Pittsburgh was represented by a looser and yet more furious type of athlete than other cities. This tradition goes way back—to the Steelers' founder, Hall of Famer Art Rooney, now 82, who has for more than 50 years been a horseplayer of mythic stature. Thanks in part to this heritage, the Steelers of the '70s

continued



Even Noll could have used a scorecard as he sent the '83 Steelers against the Saints.



Webster: an old hand at passer (Stoudt, 18) protection.

managed to be that rare thing, a multifariously raffish juggernaut. And they seem to be a hard act to follow. Especially since Joe Greene retired, after the '81 season. "I miss Greene!" Bradshaw exclaims. "He was like a brother. When he came to camp this year to help with the defensive line . . . It'll sound crazy, but we embraced. I guess. . . I love him."

"I remember in the 1980 championship game against Houston," says Woodruff, who was then a rookie. "It was pretty close at the beginning, and then you could just see Joe making up his mind. He crashed through the line. He's one-on-one with Earl Campbell in the backfield. And Joe killed him!

"The crowd went crazy. And on the next play—bam! Joe did it again!

"And we thought, 'Hey, who the hell is going to beat us? We got Joe Greene doing anything he wants to.'

"We could just feel, hey, we were going to the Super Bowl. It was just laid out that way. Joe was the nucleus. The team was formed around him. And all of a sudden you've got a team, but he's gone.

"And others are, too. There used to be a lot more practical jokes. Rocky's naked, and people get him and tape him up in a laundry cart and wheel him down the hallway through the reception area and leave him outside the Rooneys' offices. He can't move. All he can do is talk.

"Rocky would put Bradshaw's toupee on and go out on the field and start throwing the football. Somebody filled Mel Blount's helmet full of baby powder, and he's sitting there talking to Chuck, and he puts his helmet on and there's baby powder all over him!

"There'd be a sign up in the locker room before Thanksgiving saying ORDER YOUR FREE TURKEY. Then, at the last practice we had before Thanksgiving . . . You didn't really want to ask anybody, 'Where's my turkey?' You'd go up to other rookies and say, 'Hey, man, you get one?' 'No.' Then you realized.

"*Three years in a row* John Banaszak ordered a turkey. He never got one. Then, the next year, Banaszak didn't sign up. So Swann went out and bought turkeys for everybody who did. There's turkeys in front of their lockers. They're all saying to Banaszak, 'Hey, you should've signed up.'

"We haven't had much of that the last couple of years."

Linebacker Loren Toews, whose first season with the Steelers was 1973, is graying now. "I went through the lunch line the first day of camp this year," he says, "and I looked for some old guys to sit down with, and I didn't recognize a face." Since the Steelers switched to a three-lineman, four-linebacker defense last year, Toews has played the best football of his career, but he and other members of the Steeler defense who've been around for a few years say that Steeler football has become more regimented and technical. "Joe, L.C. and those guys didn't *need* techniques," Toews says. The regimentation has come with rules changes that keep defenders from banging on blockers and receivers. What Lambert liked most about visiting the Hall of Fame last Friday was looking at the leathery equipment players wore before his time, when football was closer to Indian fighting than to data processing.

More and more today, defensive foot-

continued



"Señor Sack" is what Gabriel Rivera (69) answers to. Noll hopes he's as Mean as Joe.


NEW!
IT'S FILTERED!
LUCKY STRIKE
LOW TAR FILTERS
FILTERS BOX
Also in soft pack
LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN
THE MOMENT IS RIGHT FOR IT.
Filters Box and Soft Pack: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.


"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken...
and so will my friends."
Heineken Beer
IMPORTED
BY VAN MUNCHING & CO. INC
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SERVE AT 45°-50°F
HEINEKEN BEER FROM HOLLAND
IMPORTED
Heineken
HOLLAND BEER

ball is a matter of several different sets of people shuttling back and forth onto the field in different permutations—"A lot of guys doing what used to be the work of eleven," Toews says.

When the Steelers concentrated more on outslicking, outwhupping and outglowering opponents man to man, their practices were more lighthearted than they are today. They were also more familial, but that has something to do with the fact that NFL players today are less tightly bound to their teams. They have another league to be wooed by, for one thing. "Players are not here who should be," Woodruff says, "and players who are here are thinking about leaving next year. You can't count on grouping together for years down the road, you just group for a year at a time."

Dynasties are more likely to develop, Bradshaw suggests, when young players accept the challenge of going where they're drafted instead of, for example, using the leverage of USFL and baseball options to avoid becoming a Colt, as John Elway did this summer. "What if I'd had the option, coming out of college, to go to Atlanta or Dallas or New Orleans, instead of Pittsburgh, where it snows, and Terry Hanratty is already at quarterback and a local hero?" Bradshaw says. He goes on to mention, however, that what with the USFL and all, the price of quarterbacks has certainly risen—and he has only one more year on his own contract. "Mm," he says.

Bradshaw says Steeler doctors told him that his arm, which pained him all last year, would mend with rest in the off-season, but his own doctor said it would never heal unless the torn part of the tendon was trimmed off and the tendon reattached to the muscle. Trying to come back too fast after the operation, Bradshaw has twice strained the arm. Meanwhile, Stoudt—who may be a crisper technician at quarterback but lacks Bradshaw's personal longing to throw deep—is making a serious run at the starting job.

The Rooneys express a determination not to meet the demands of Stallworth and Shell's agent, Howard Slusher, although Slusher negotiated big contracts in the past for Swann and other Steelers. "I *like* athletes," says Dan Rooney. "But I'm not in business to make them millionaires. The Steelers lost more money last year [because of the seven-game strike] than we made in the three years before that combined." The Steelers' center of gravity may be shifting away from the dynasty guys and toward more affordable young players.



Rookie Gregg Garrity's 17-yard, first-quarter touchdown catch was a real crowd-pleaser.



Ten-year man Lambert looked alarming even at rest.

"We have eleven or twelve nucleuses now," Woodruff says. "Not just one." He has been around long enough, however, to appreciate the dynasty. "I look at Bradshaw, Lambert, Blount—these are friends of mine. I look at them and it's written out: This is what you do to make the Hall of Fame.

"I'll tell you what I remember about the one Super Bowl I was here for, in 1980 against the Rams. It was after Lambert intercepted the pass there toward the end. Our offense has the ball, we score the last time, and I'm sitting a couple of yards away from Lambert, looking at the clock, twenty seconds to go, and I'm realizing, '*I'm in the Super Bowl and we're winning. When's the next time this is going to happen?*' "

Who knows? Has anyone done anything about getting Señor Sack to sign up for his Thanksgiving turkey? **END**

Funny people, from Pagliaccio to Richard Pryor, have always had trouble getting serious people to take them seriously. This also has been the melancholy plight of Doug Rader, the manager of the Texas Rangers, an intelligent, sensitive, essentially serious man who is, nevertheless, hopelessly afflicted with the gift of laughter. It is Rader's additional fate to be part of a sport steeped deeper in legend and apocrypha than is Greek mythology, so that no matter how hard he tries—and he tries mightily—to downplay his reputation from his playing days as a prankster, he is reminded constantly in print and by word of mouth of his celebrated japes.

Rader will affect his soberest mien and expound with eloquent solemnity on why he had his leftfielder stealing second with no outs in the 11th inning of a tense game against Milwaukee when, sure as shooting, someone will ask him about the time, years ago, he fed baseballs into the dugout gas heater at Jarry Park in Montreal. Or he will be in earnest debate over the number of pitches a veteran lefthander on his staff should be permitted to throw, and some neo-mythologist will remind him of the time he advised Little Leaguers to eat their bubble-gum cards so they might better digest the information contained on them. When such reminders of his rambunctious past present themselves, Rader's brown eyes will roll back in his freckled face, and he will smite his forehead and groan pitiably. "I just can't imagine," he will say, "that people still want to hear about things that happened 10, 15 years ago. I know I'll never shake my reputation, but I'd be very happy if it just vanished."

It won't, of course. Rader, who turned 39 on July 30, has retained so much of his youthful exuberance that the unobservant will quite naturally have difficulty distinguishing the robust past from the more contemplative present. When



Rader has pitched in with a winning personality and a skillful use of personnel.



He's Not Just A Wild And Crazy Guy

Manager Doug Rader is working hard to create a new image for himself and the Texas Rangers

by RON FIMRITE

Rader recently rejected a cup of coffee with the comment, "I don't take anything to alter the physiological condition of my body—it's running too perfectly on 82 percent body fat," listeners were reminded of baseball's mad bomber of old, who dropped water balloons on unsuspecting teammates from hotel windows. But after the job Rader has done so far this season with the once-woeful Rangers, it may well be time for even the most skeptical among us to take this man seriously. The Rangers lost 98 games in 1982 under two managers—Don Zimmer, fired in July, and his interim successor, Darrell Johnson. Rader, in his freshman season as a big-league manager, has taken largely the same team and has had it in contention in the American League West from the start of the season and in third place, 4½ games behind Chicago, through last Sunday.

He is as loath to accept credit for this extraordinary turnaround as he is to acknowledge any of his old jokes. "It's the players," he protests. "I'm just along for the ride." But those closest to the wondrous goings-on at Arlington Stadium, including the players themselves, insist that the Rangers have gone from sad sacks to contenders on the wings of Rader's own vital personality and his skillful manipulation of the personalities around him. He is primarily a man of intangibles, says his general manager, Joe Klein, but he has accomplished some specifics, too, particularly in Texas' once-sorry pitching department. The Rangers were 12th in the American League a year ago, with a staff earned run average of 4.28. As of Sunday, they were first, with an ERA of 3.49. Rader and his pitching coach, Dick Such, took Danny Darwin out of the bullpen and made him into an effective starter. They made a starter, John Butcher, into a long reliever. They took a minor league starter, Odell Jones, and made him into one of the league's better short relievers. And they convinced Rick Honeycutt that he was more than just a slider-sinker pitcher. These were merely moves. The rest has been pure inspiration.

"Doug's the reason for the change," says his hitting coach, Merv Rettenmund. "It's his aggressiveness, his handling of people. He has this ball club playing exactly up to its abilities. The only constant all year has been our intensity, and he's the reason for that. He has a rule that no one is allowed to hang his head after making a mistake, because that gives the other team a psychological advantage. He doesn't ever want us to appear down. He never does."

"Last year we just showed up and went through the motions," says Honeycutt, who has gone from a 5–17 season in '82 to 13–6 under Rader, with a league-leading 2.32 ERA. "You can get away with that at this level if that's all that's expected of you. But Doug expects so much more. He makes us work up to 100 percent every day, and he's showed us that if you do that you can stay competitive. It's hard to put into words what he's done for us, but you just want to do well for him out of respect."

"He deserves the credit," says Shortstop Bucky Dent, who had a miserable .193 season in '82 playing for the Yankees, who had lost interest in him, and for the Rangers, who had lost interest in everything. "I had come from one negative situation into another and then, all of a sudden, I hear this guy speaking positively. You have to be in the right frame of mind to play this game, and Doug has gotten us there. He has kept everybody loose off the field, but when we're on it, he has us playing with high intensity and total involvement."

"This is a Doug Rader reversal," says Coach Wayne Terwilliger. "He's got these players believing in themselves." "Consciously or not, we seem to have adopted his personality," says Billy Sam-

continued

ple, a part-time player until this year, who at week's end was hitting .281 and had stolen 31 bases as Rader's regular leftfielder. "We have assimilated his mental makeup."

Rader is fielding ground balls at second base during the Rangers' batting practice before a game with the Brewers. He cuts an unusual figure on the field, the red face with its prominent nose thrust forward, cap pulled low on the forehead, red hair puffing out at the back, pants slung low, shirttail out. Rader is a large man—6′ 3″ and 230 pounds—and his voice has the same harsh resonance as Broderick Crawford's, when Crawford played Willie Stark in *All the King's Men*. Taking grounders is Rader's therapy, his release from tension. For all of his ursine bulk, he is still remarkably agile and quick, and Coach Rich Donnelly is frustrated trying to hit a ball past him. As a third baseman with the Houston Astros, Rader won five Gold Gloves in succession (1970-74), and he seems to have lost little of his touch. He makes a fine backhand stop, wheels as if to throw to first and then flips the ball to second without looking. Donnelly hits him another hard smash. Rader gobbles it up and comically throws an exaggerated one-hopper to second. Finally, Donnelly hits two balls, one after the other, at him. As the second rolls past him, Rader bellows in mock rage. He tosses his old glove in the air and jogs back to the dugout cursing noisily.

Ranger Second Baseman Wayne Tolleson watches this performance with undisguised admiration. "That's the unique thing about him," Tolleson says. "He can do all of those things and not lose any respect. His rapport is different from that of any manager I've ever known. He makes you feel like you're real good friends with him, and yet you know that you aren't quite. He has a hold on how to treat each player. And he's the first guy at this level who ever showed any confidence in me. He told me I was his second baseman after Mike [Richardt] got hurt, and he turned me loose. I was grateful, and it's made a difference."

Until this season, Tolleson, now 27, had a career major league batting average of .128 in 52 games. In 38 games for Texas last year he hit .114. In 71 Triple A games at Denver he hit .241. Under Rader this season he is hitting .278 as the lead-off man and has 23 steals.



Because he got off on the right foot, Rader may be a shoo-in for Manager of the Year.

When the 40-year-old Klein took over as the Rangers' general manager last October—they didn't really have a G.M. for much of the '82 season—he knew exactly what he was looking for in a skipper. "What this club needed after the depression of last year was a motivator," says Klein, who has worked in the organization as a minor league player and manager and director of player development. "I didn't think a recycled major league manager was the sort of person we wanted, so we made a thorough search among younger coaches and guys who had been successful as Triple A managers. I had naturally heard a lot about Doug, but I thought that even if he'd done all the crazy things he was supposed to have done, they might prove to be more of an asset than a liability. He could still be an attraction, after all. We needed someone to get the players' attention.

"Then I looked at his career. He spent nine seasons with one team [Houston] and was its captain in his last two years. He was traded [to San Diego], then coached and worked for three years as a minor league manager [in Hawaii]. The only way I could interpret all this was that what we had here was stability. The rest, the reputation, was just window dressing. I'd never met him before, so I wasn't exactly picking an old drinking buddy. And when I did meet him, he made a terrific first impression." That should come as something of a surprise to Rader, who asserts he doesn't make a good first impression or a good second impression or. . . .

Rader's managerial philosophy is based partly on a synthesis of his own good and bad experiences with managers he encountered in his 11-year playing career and partly on instinct. "The managers who had the most positive influence on me were Johnny McNamara [in San Diego in 1976 and part of '77] and, to a certain extent, Harry Walker [in Houston from '68 to '72]," says Rader. "Harry had a very good heart, something a lot of people don't know about. Johnny Mac showed me that there doesn't have to be a gap between the manager and his players, that familiarity doesn't necessarily breed contempt."

McNamara and Rader even collaborated on a prank during spring training in 1976. McNamara called a team meeting on the practice diamond. "We're on a tight schedule this morning," he said,

placing a watch he had borrowed from Coach Don Williams on the ground in front of him, "but there are some things I want to say." At this juncture Rader, by pre-arrangement, leaped to his feet, shouting, "Mac, your time's up." Then, before the horrified eyes of the coach, he grabbed a bat and smashed the watch to smithereens. It was a gag McNamara tried several years later with the Angels, this time with Reggie Jackson as co-conspirator. When Jackson swung at and missed the watch, Rod Carew commented dryly, "Skip, next time you've got to pick a contact hitter."

Rader learned from McNamara that a manager could be stern without being distant, in control without being insensitive. "I want to be friends with my players," Rader says. "I want them all to know that I give a —— about them. At the same time, I don't want to get so that I go around shouting, 'Hey, guys, where're we going tonight?' The Dick Williams [distant] approach may work over the short haul, but for long-range results I think it's important that you be sensitive to personalities.

"I think you also have to give responsibility to your coaches. When I coached in San Diego [under Roger Craig] in '79, I felt useless. I epitomized the popular notion of what coaches do—pick up helmets and hit fungoes. That's not the way it should be.

"I'm not a great exponent of computers, either. I think you should manage your own team, not manage against another one. Instinct is more important to me. You've got to have a feel for this game—not that I have a choice. The way I treat these guys is the way I am. I do have some advantages, too. I'm a little bit younger, so I'm not so far removed from playing that I can't remember how hard it is, and, of course, I haven't been fired yet so I don't have any prejudices against certain types of players."

Rader hasn't gone as far as inviting the Rangers over for Sunday breakfast, as he did the Hawaii Islanders in the San Diego chain when he managed them in 1980, '81 and '82, and he can't very well take his players snorkeling deep in the heart of Texas, as he did his players in Hawaii, but he does have an easy rapport with them, and he does treat them impartially in that he calls them all Meat. But then again, he also calls his mother Meat. "She calls me Son," says Rader.



Rader and his Raiders: Jeannette and kids Elizabeth, 8, Matthew, 11, and Christine, 10.

If McNamara was Rader's inspiration as a manager, Alvin Dark, who succeeded Mac in San Diego in 1977, was nearly the cause of Rader's quitting baseball forever. "I've seen Doug down only once," says Rettenmund, who was his teammate on the Padres that year, "and that was when Dark sold him to Toronto in '77 because he said he was a bad influence on the team. Bad influence? Why, he was the heart of the club."



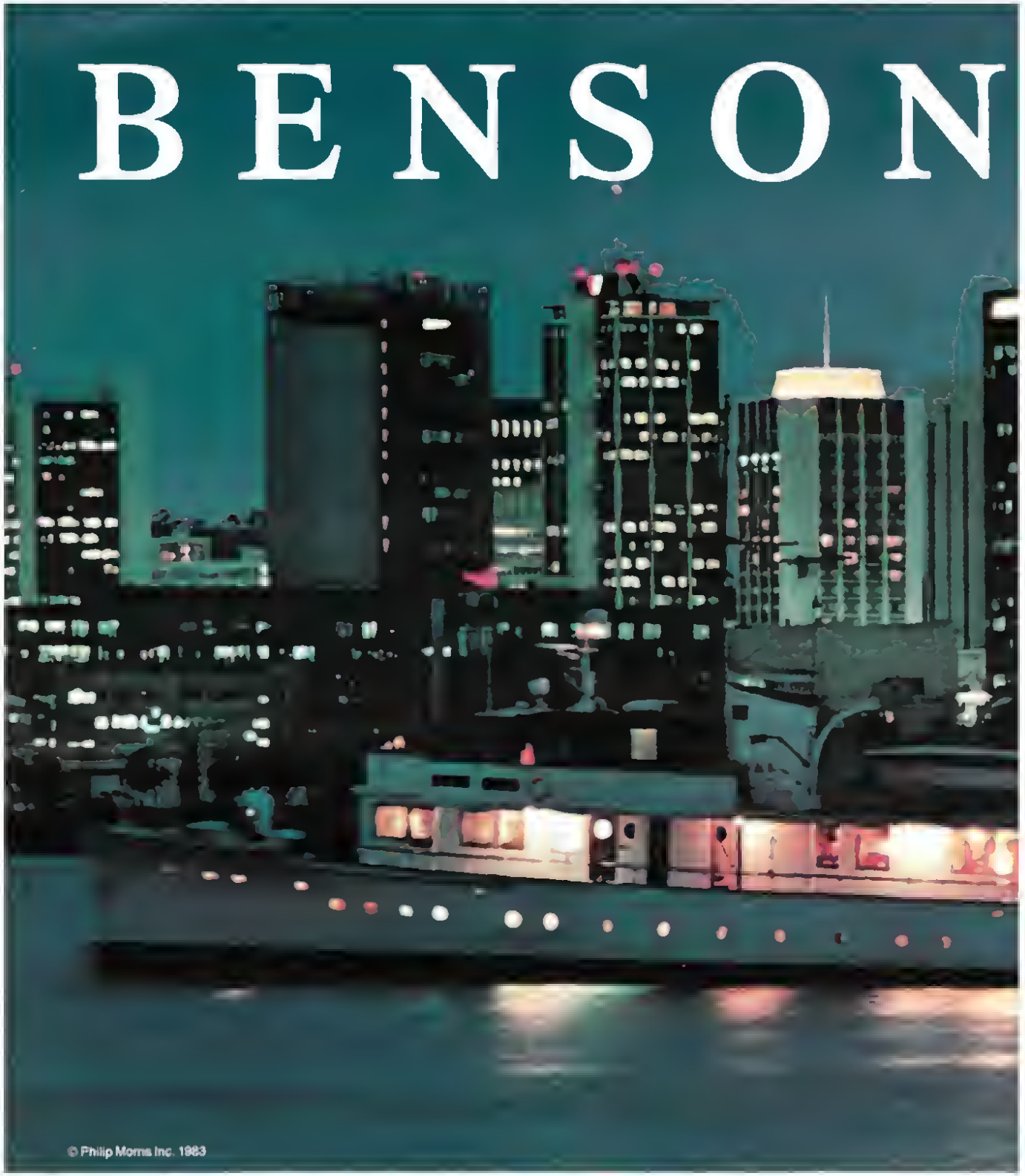
Rader is the motivator that Klein wanted.

"The reason I got sold was why I was down," Rader says now, bristling yet over the old slight. "I always believed in the work ethic, and I worked hard for Dark and played well. Then he told me I had to go because I reminded him of the way he was before he got religion. He's telling me I'm a no-good s.o.b. and he doesn't even know me. Very few people really know me, although many think that they do because of what they've read. Well, I've been married to the same woman for 16 years, and I believe in most of the important things in life, including religion. I was raised a Presbyterian, but I converted to Catholicism, my wife's faith and my mother's, in 1979. But even if I was the world's worst heathen, Dark still prejudged me. He didn't know me from Adam."

Rader had hit .271 in 52 games for the '77 Padres when he was sold. He hit .240 in 96 games with Toronto. Then, in March of 1978, he called it a career. "Outwardly, he never changed," recalls his wife, Jeannette, of those Dark days. "He never does. Doug keeps it all inside him. But after that move to Toronto, all the spirit went out of him."

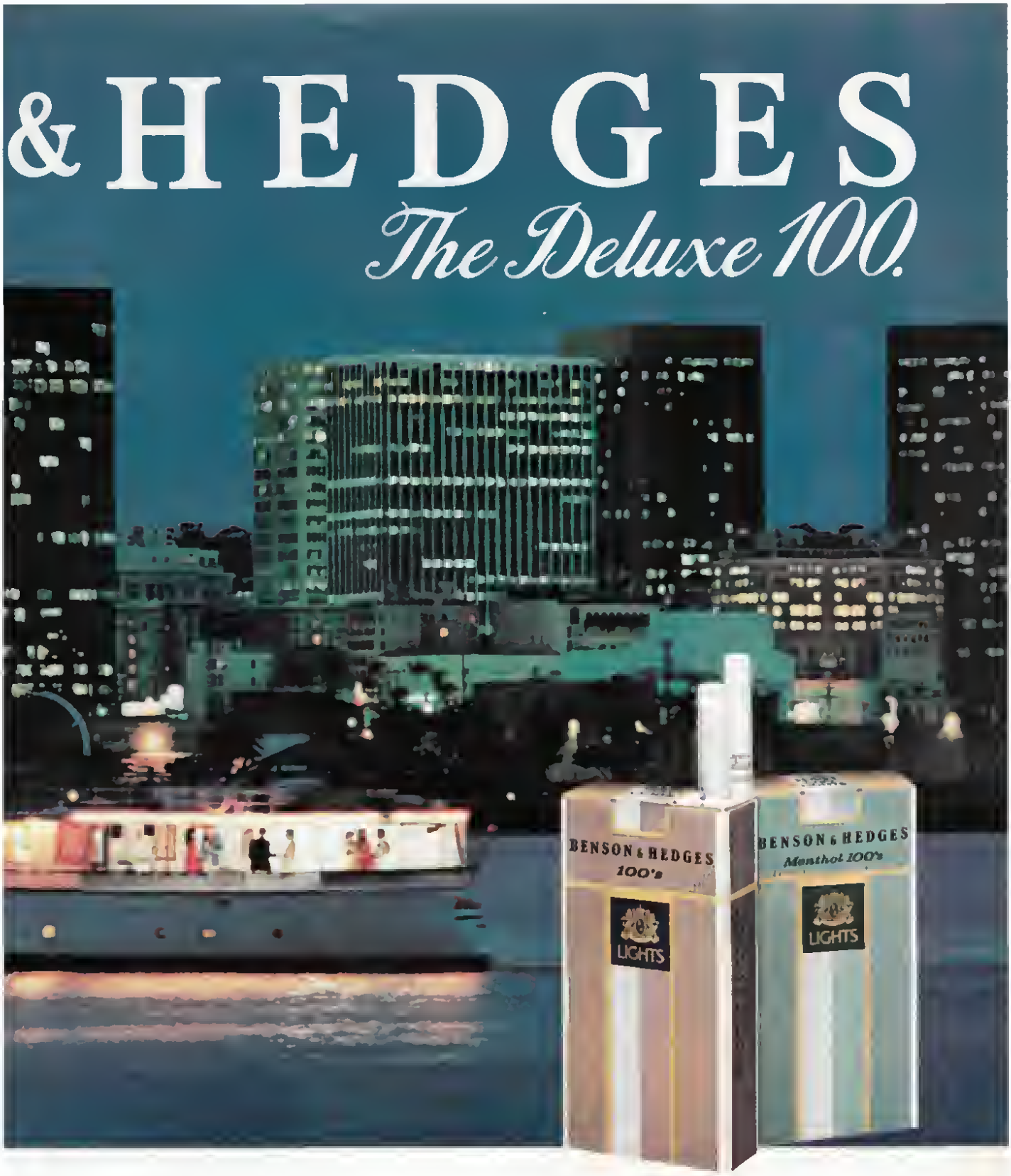
Rader spent the spring and early summer of '78 with his wife and three children at their home in Stuart, Fla., some 40 miles north of West Palm Beach. "It's just a quiet little town," says Rader. He devoted those months to deep-sea fishing with his pals, diving for lobster, reading his favorite author, Ernest Hemingway, and helping out his friend, Dave Hus-

continued



11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

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nander, in his plumbing business. In August, Bob Fontaine, the San Diego general manager that year, offered Rader a coaching job. Dark by this time had been fired. Rader accepted and coached through the '79 season. He made two important decisions in that period. He decided he wanted to become a manager, and he started writing his journal.

Fontaine gave Rader the chance to manage, assigning him the Hawaii club, and in his three seasons Rader won two half-season pennants and never finished worse than .500 with teams the Padre front office readily admitted were inferior. "We gave him an absolutely terrible team last year," the San Diego minor league administrator, Tom Romenesko, says, "and he won more games than he lost." It was in Hawaii that Rader's unique ability as a handler of personnel first became recognized. Tim Flannery, now a Padre infielder, recalls that in the first game he played for Rader he struck out three times and dropped a ball that cost the Islanders the game. Flannery was near tears when he was called into Rader's office after the game. "The reason I've got you in here," Rader advised the nervous youngster, "is to try and talk you out of showing up tomorrow." Says Flannery, "I started laughing, and that's what he wanted me to do. The thing I like about Doug is that he makes you believe in yourself."



Dent says Rader has the team in the "right frame of mind."

Rader's journal represents still another aspect of his rather complex personality. He is the first to admit that his tomfoolery is merely protective armor. It's the soft underside he wishes to protect. Even as an apparently carefree high school jock in the Chicago suburb of Northbrook, Ill., he concealed his serious side. He might have been a clown on the outside, but he was a brooder underneath. "I found then that it helped if I just wrote down what was bothering me," he says. "I'd always tried to keep things hidden inside. When something would bother me, I'd cover it up. People felt I was flip and non-serious. That's as far from the truth as you can imagine. It's just that I never wanted anybody to know I was worried, that a lot of things affected me. I know I always give the impression I'm only concerned about the immediate, but the things that I tend to worry about are things I can't control—the future, for example. I found that if I just wrote these things down they seemed less important. So I started making lists."

He continued the list-making through Glenbrook High School and two years at Illinois Wesleyan, where he played shortstop. After the 1964 season Rader quit college—"It's the only thing I've never finished," he says—to sign with Houston. In 1967, while playing winter ball in Nicaragua, he met Jeannette, the native-born daughter of a wealthy Cuban exile whose business interests included insurance, a brewery and a hotel.

As a player, when Rader wanted to let off steam, he'd simply do something wacko, like delivering the Astros' starting lineup to the umpires in a skillet or greeting teammate Norm Miller and his wife from behind the door of his house wearing only an impish grin. This ploy, he advises, "works every time" with unwanted guests.

Of those supposedly halcyon days, Rader says, "If I saw an opportunity to have fun, I took it. Otherwise I would've gone crazy." A teammate in Houston, Jim Bouton, began recording some of the Rader antics in his own journal, and the publication of his sequel to *Ball Four*, *I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally*,



Honeycutt's 100% effort has produced a much improved 13–6 record and 2.32 ERA

enshrined Rader as the game's premier flake. Rader liked the book and he was a staunch Bouton defender when many baseball traditionalists were denouncing him, but he deplored the reputation he gained from Bouton's writing and loathed the word "flake." In his view, it connotes irresponsibility, and, indeed, Rader was an aggressive, conscientious player whose capriciousness was confined largely to clubhouses and hotels. "He's certainly no flake," says Jeannette. "The more you get to know him, the more you see he's not that way. He just knows how to enjoy life."

Rader started keeping his own journal in that do-nothing 1979 season as a coach under Craig. Instead of jotting down anecdotes and one-liners, he began writing impressions and *pensées*. "I put down how I feel about certain things," he says. "There are no specifics about any game in the journal. It's mostly about my state of mind. I've always wanted to write. I fooled around with it at first. Now it's addictive." A few examples:

• "Anyone who doubts the existence of God should visit Hawaii. The beauty of these islands stretches beyond the imagination. From the landscape to the flowers to the people, Hawaii is the epitome of perfection. It's a damn shame their team is only Triple A."—Sept. 30, 1982.

• "Tomorrow I report to Pompano Beach. The first day entails only a meeting with the coaches and front office personnel. We have to make sure we are all on the same wavelength. It also gives us an opportunity to drink a few beers, tell a few war stories and drink a few more beers. Maybe we'll have time to get in 18 holes. I'm sure Joe [Klein] will have everything under control. I just hope I remember to wear shoes."—Feb. 17, 1983.

• "I hate leaving the house, but I can't wait to get there [spring training]. It's a crazy routine. Leaving home for spring training has always been, for me, the toughest part of this game. Yet after I arrive at my destination and get around baseball people, I'm fine. . . . I guess it has something to do with severing the security cord of home, family and friends. Then, upon seeing the other players and coaches, you realize you're not the only guy in the boat."—Feb. 17.

• "Right now a lot of things are racing through my mind. Will the players accept me? Will the team live up to my expectations? And where the hell are my cigarettes?"—Feb. 17.

• "I'm a sturdy 260 pounds . . . I need to lose about 25 pounds. Looks like soup and salad for a while. The stx-pack is cold, so I'll have to start tomorrow."—March 1.

The possibility remains that he will put these thoughts in a book someday—he has, in fact, consulted with a potential collaborator—but it will be quite unlike Bouton's, he says, and quite unlike anything someone who knows Rader only superficially might expect.

Not that he has become an old stick-in-the-mud. He still doesn't like to miss a chance for a little action. His penchant for mischief, for example, has left many a menu reading "Rader Vic's." In his office recently, Rader expressed dissatisfaction at the listless reading of a radio public-service announcement made by Ranger trainer Bill Zeigler on health care in hot weather. Rader persuaded broadcaster Eric Nadel to let him tape his own version for the trainer. "Hi! This is Bill Zeigler," Rader announced in a monotone uncannily like Zeigler's. There followed a riotous ad lib in which Rader as Zeigler advised listeners to wear "light and airy" clothes and to be certain after exercise to "drink plenty of beer." "That's a keeper," said Nadel.

And so, we assume, is Rader, managerial wunderkind and prankster emeritus. Well, almost emeritus. **END**



Tolleson's slide as a player ended when Rader began to display confidence in him.



Colin Jones of Wales takes his countrymen's hopes and a powerful left into his welterweight title rematch with Milt McCrory **by CLIVE GAMMON**

He's A Brit Who Can Hit

All Colin Jones had planned was a quick trip to pick up an accessory for his record player, but for this newest prince of Wales there is no longer any such thing as a simple errand. As soon as Jones parked his unpretentious Renault on a side street in the village of Gorseinon in Glamorgan, South Wales, he was inundated by people who just wanted the chance to wish well for something in their lives now that the steel mills and coal mines have closed. As the WBC's No. 6-ranked welterweight walked down the gray main street in thin summer sunshine, the tribute came disguised as banter in the mock-severe Welsh style. "Get out on the *road*, boyo!" admonished an ex-miner. "You are in training aren't you, Colin *fach*?"

Colin *fach*—little Colin is actually 5′ 8″—quickly countered. "Want to run with me tomorrow morning, then, do you, Will? Up Graig Merthyr? See you six o'clock sharp."

Formalities satisfied, the old man softened. "Wish I were going to America with you," he shouted. "When you off, boy?"

"Four weeks time," Colin said, and suddenly in a clear tenor he started caroling a pop song recorded in the early '60s by Gerry & the Pacemakers, *You'll Never Walk Alone*. "Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart," he sang, and the villagers grinned at him and whispered, "Good luck, Col."

He sang his way to a record shop and dickered with the clerk over the price of a Pavarotti cassette. "Two quid?"—about five dollars—"Pavarotti'll have to sing along with it five for that money," he said.

The clerk rolled with the punch and said slyly, "There's a video system they're bringing out now that costs £13,000, Col, you interested?"

"Got one in stock, have you?" Jones asked. "No? Pity. . . ." And then he was moving along the street again.

All Wales will be walking with him when the 24-year-old Jones steps into the ring in Las Vegas on Aug. 13 for a return bout with Milt McCrory of Detroit—whom he fought to a draw five months ago—for the WBC welterweight title vacated last November by Sugar Ray Leonard. Jones was slow to warm up in that fight, in Reno, appearing to justify the 4–1 odds against him. "I let him get off too quick, those first five rounds," Jones says. "Only then I started to realize how much ahead he was, and my corner was yelling, 'You got to start working!' "

Work he did, taking over in the sixth round and punishing McCrory thereafter in an astonishing turnaround. Jones castigates himself for letting McCrory off the hook in the 12th and last round. "It's maddening when I look back," he says. "I think all the time of that last round. If I'd given a bit more I could have had it all. He stole it. All respect to him, he was bloody clever. He wasn't touching me but he made himself look good with all that fast stuff. I tried to match him for speed when I should have been just banging him."

"Twelve rounds of good experience," said Eddie Thomas, Jones's manager, a Welshman who has handled world champions Howard Winstone and Ken Buchanan. "Just a rehearsal."

Maybe so, but Jones would not be comforted. "I didn't realize the value of a world title before the fight. And now, my God, I keep thinking what a difference it makes in everything."

That was the young fighter in a serious mood, dressed up for a city lunch in Swansea, with Thomas at his side. The only dark cloud over his otherwise bright road this day was the discovery that the secretary of the local lawn bowls club was about to scratch him from the summer tournament on the understandable



Jones's road to the title shot has been as circuitous as this South Wales country lane.

grounds that he would be otherwise engaged in Nevada. But lawn bowls, like surfcasting, is one of Jones's more unlikely passions. "What'll Dai Phillips say?" he asked, referring to his bowls partner. "I'll only be away for a few weeks. There will be plenty of time!"

Jones was almost pleading, and one could only deduce that, should he beat McCrory and win the championship, there would be no remarkable change in the style of his life, with the possible exception of a bigger house. His roots are very deep in his village. He and his parents and seven siblings live within a mile or two of each other, and he claims he will never move out. Within 36 hours of the first McCrory fight he was back playing snooker in the Workingmen's Club with the boys he grew up with—boys who, in these hard times, find it tough to raise the price of a pint.

This month the last working mine in the district, where Jones worked underground when he left school at 16, will probably close. "Maggie Thatcher's putting the slab on it," Jones says, without the bitterness that has marked the response of many locals to the news. "I hated it there, having to put on those stinking clothes when you're still half asleep at 4:40 in the morning. . . "

Even the job Jones had digging graves at the local cemetery suited him better. "Salary," he says, "fresh air and £4.50 bonus a grave. And you had to bloody earn it, mind you. Most of the graveyards have little machines now, two scoops and it's done. But they couldn't use 'em where I used to work. It was far too boggy. 'Course, the big bonus was for reopening . . . "

"That's enough," Thomas intervenes. "You're upsetting the man, can't you see?" What his questioner *could* see was yet another example of the teasing, testing humor that is the fighter's. South Walian heritage, part of the flavor of the country, something one understands when climbing Craig Merthyr—the Hill of the Martyr—where Jones does his early morning running.

Jones's country (and there are almost 11,000 Joneses in the phone book that covers this part of South Wales) is the high-water mark of the Industrial Revolution. Just here the coalfield peters out, so that in strange juxtaposition there are, on the one hand, small white farmhouses and green hills covered in great drifts of wild, purple rhododendron, and, on the other, valleys that bear the scars of recent strip mining. From the crests above you see the stacks of abandoned steel mills.

continued

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but shut one eye and only lush greenery and grazing sheep are visible. Jones's run starts where the little stone row houses end, and suddenly he is on a country lane. "I've had to jump up the bank a few times when some daft farmer comes tearing round the bend," he says. Then comes the long steep push up to the crest of the Graig where, he says, "the temples in my head start beating."

Jones's route to this plateau in his career has been no easier than the run up Graig Merthyr. As a 147-pound amateur of 17 he was thrust prematurely into the 1976 Montreal Olympics. He got past an Irish boy, Christy McLoughlin, but lost a decision to Victor Zilberman of Romania. He feels lucky he went out when he did, and so does Thomas, who was at the Olympics but not then associated with Jones. "At that age he could have been hurt badly," Thomas says.

Later as an amateur, Jones represented Wales, then Great Britain, which he characteristically refers to as "the English people. I wore their singlet with the rose, or whatever it was, on it." (Jones was seriously put out when he was called a Limey in Reno last March. "Excuse me, you got the wrong side of the border," he said.) Jones was 18 when he turned pro. In 1980 he won the British welterweight title, whereupon, as Thomas puts it, "The London boys wanted to be involved."—the London boys being the Micky Duff-Terry Lawless group, which is to boxing in its birthplace what Don King is to the sport in America.

But Jones stayed loyal to Thomas and early in 1982 he was to fight Henrik Palm, a Dane with a 29–4 record, for the vacant European welterweight championship. But the night before the bout was to be held, Jones came down with appendicitis. It was not until last November that the match was rescheduled, and Jones swiftly made up for lost time, the referee stopping the fight at one minute of the second round.

By the time Jones met McCrory, his record was 24–1–0, the single loss being a disqualification caused by a late punch he threw at Curtis Ramsey of Portland, Oregon in their bout in September of 1981. Twenty-one of his wins have been by knockout. "It's the old left jab and wait for it, isn't it?" Jones says in summing up his style. "I used to be bomb-happy. One-handed—my left. But Eddie turned me round from that."

All the same, Jones's main assets are still his power and his stamina, developed on hills like Graig Merthyr. Lately, in anticipation of hot weather in Las Vegas, he has run at noontime to catch as much sun as can be found in Wales, where 70° is a heat wave.

One recent day it hit a spectacular 75° along the estuary of the River Llwchwr near Jones's home. "Another beautiful day, boyo!" a fan yelled at Jones as he set off. "I'll tell you in a half-hour," responded Jones, loping past a bridge and some archaeological students excavating a Roman fort; this is about as far west as the Romans got in Europe.

Jones paused briefly and then resumed at a cracking pace back toward the village, past row houses and the gaunt chapels that witnessed the great religious revivals of the 19th century. Running by Capel y Bedyddwr, the grass high around the tombstones, Jones said, "One of these days this whole bloody place is going to collapse, they've burrowed under it for coal so much." Toil in the mines and the steelworks was hard, if prideful, but "the money stopped here four or five years ago," the boxer said later. "Do you know who the biggest employer is round here these days? 3M. They make *video cassettes*."

Dylan Thomas, born about eight miles away in Swansea, once said memorably of that city's museum that it ought to be in a museum. Alongside it, as another exhibit, could well stand the Penyrheol gym where Jones has worked out since he was nine. A single-story, prefabricated shack with a corrugated roof, the gym has walls liberally daubed with the nice old kind of graffiti in which Jane loves Anthony. Inside there are mirrors that would be an insult to a tag sale and curtains so tattered that they would surely disintegrate if the doors were slammed.

Through the windows children peer at Jones, who at the moment is hammering the heavy bag and uttering ferocious karate cries. "A bad habit," comments Thomas. Very much a traditionalist, he abhors the snorting expulsion of breath favored by many contemporary fighters. That's not the way they did it in the '50s, when Thomas was a welterweight ranked fifth in the world when Sugar Ray Robinson was champion.

Though Jones was born with a heavy right cross, it is the powerful left hook that you notice in the gym—the short shots to the chin that put out Palm, and the body blows that got to McCrory.

Thomas takes some credit for developing that left. "I had a hell of a job with him at first," Thomas says. "He was knocking people over and forgetting his boxing." For a time it appeared that Jones's hands were too brittle—he



Jones likes to quaff a pint with his biggest fans—Llwchyr Workingmen's Club patrons.

sprained them repeatedly—but the enforced layoff after his appendicitis apparently cleared that up

"His left hand has come on a ton in the last year," Thomas says "Isn't he in the Marciano mold, the LaMotta sort? Going forward all the time that yelling now—I suppose it's a kind of pent-up thing he's trying to get rid of in the gym "

The gym is crowded with shadowboxing teen-agers, crop-headed clones of Colin, like the 17-year-old that Gareth Bevan, who assists Thomas in Jones's training, points out as a prospect. "Name's Floyd," says Bevan "His father was a big fan of Patterson's." He looks back at Jones. "Never been afraid of any work, Colin," he says Somehow the eager spirit in the air transcends the surroundings "The people of the village gave the money to buy this place," Bevan says Later Jones would say, "I wouldn't have it any different If they put up new curtains it would spoil it, see?"

He was speaking at his home, a new one, though modest in size, which he purchased at the time of the European title fight that didn't come off "That wasn't funny," he said. "No purse, expenses to pay and I'd just signed the mortgage " The living room was bright with trophies kept well out of reach of his 15-month-old son, Simon, whom he calls Cochyn, which is Welsh for redhead. "Look out," Jones said to his wife, Debra, as Simon's pacifier fell out of place "He's losing his gunshield "

One noticed that, among seemingly far more prestigious memorabilia on the walls, a prominent place is kept for a framed citation which Jones values as much as any international award It's from the Llwchyr Workingmen's Club, a pub that is the hub of local social life

At the club that evening, things turned out to be far from calm "Hey, Col, did you hear what's happening?" an anxious voice from the bar asked—and supplied the answer in the next breath "Those bastards from the Social Security have been calling up the club, wanting to know who's going to America for the fight!"

In Wales, Social Security has a different connotation than in the U S. It means the state unemployment benefit Ever since the McCrory rematch had been made, frantic scheming had been going on among the most financially hard-pressed men in the country to raise the money to make it onto a package trip to Vegas. And now, if somehow they got the cash together, they would be investigated by the welfare people

The luckiest man in town, it was revealed, was the milkman. He had gone to Reno for the first fight, dropped a quarter into a slot machine on his last morning and won $5,000 "Lucky bugger, he's got plenty left over for the Vegas trip," somebody said. "Told his wife it was $1,000 he won," added another

But the serious talk was of the rematch itself. "Throws more leather than Leonard, that McCrory, and good stuff, too," a pessimist said. But he was in a minority "Watch Col playing snooker," another member said. "Us, now, if we're playing with mates and it's not a tournament, we ease off Not Colin. He's hard, hard all the time He's so hard he voted for Maggie Thatcher "

For himself, Jones was cautious about predictions, though he is an 11–5 underdog. "McCrory's in for a tougher fight this time, obviously," he said, "but I'm saying no more than that. Look at his record—19 knockouts in 21 fights But I hurt him last time late in the fight . I saw the look on his face every time he went back to his corner "

It was time to play a little snooker " And you'll never walk alone," Jones sang again, picking up his cue, and he was right about that Should he come home to Gorseinon with the WBC welterweight title, even the sharp-eyed bureaucrats from the welfare department might manage to squeeze out a smile or two **END**



In their title fight in March, Jones started slowly but salvaged a draw with McCrory.

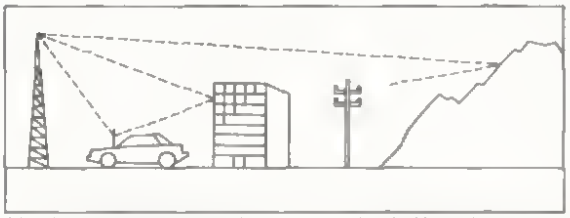
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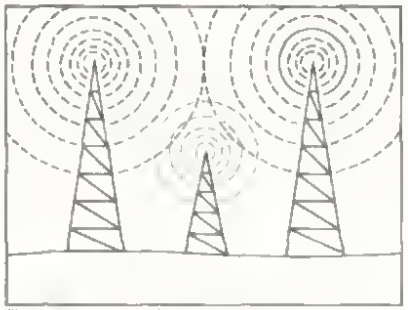
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Using the same car, with the same antenna, and driving around and around the same block on the Near North Side (where the John Hancock Building and the Sears Tower, the world's third and tallest structures, respectively, create FM listening havoc), Pioneer put one tuner after another to the test.



Three-signal intermodulation occurs when a weak signal is surrounded by two stronger ones. And as they say, only the strong survive. So you get stations cutting in and out or "bleeding" into each other. Unless you have a new Supertuner III

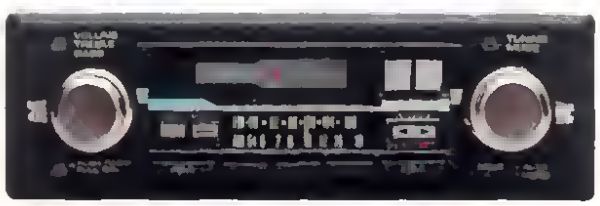
And the clear winner, time after time, in both downtown and suburban conditions, was Supertuner III. Only Supertuner III received stations with no sound of sizzling bacon. And only Supertuner III could capture and lock in the weak stations.

Reading this description of the test may be somewhat convincing. But not nearly as convincing as actually hearing the performance of Supertuner III.

To do that, you'll have to go to your nearest car stereo dealer and ask him for a demonstration of the new Supertuner III.

There's a very good chance he'll already have one installed in his car.

That alone should tell you something.



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Go, You Stormin' Mormon

A come-from-behind style has helped Salt Lake City's Henry Marsh become the world's No. 1 steeplechaser—not bad for a lawyer

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

The 3,000-meter steeplechase is run over 7½ laps on a 400-meter track, and the contestants have to clear four barriers, one of which sits in front of a water pit, on each lap. The barriers all stand three feet high, weigh between 180 and 220 pounds and are well anchored. If a racer hits one of them, he goes down, with a splat or a splash. "The steeplechase is the most trying of the middle- to long-distance races," says Bill Bowerman, former head track coach at the University of Oregon and still guru to runners of all sorts. "It's a race for *men*, men who are talented, intelligent and tough."

Meet Henry Marsh, 29, who is all three. The U.S. record holder in the steeplechase at 8:15.68, Marsh has been ranked No. 1 in the world for the past two years by *Track & Field News* and is favored to win the event at next week's World Championships in Helsinki. In Europe, where fans appreciate the challenge of the steeplechase, Marsh is well known. In the U.S., though, where most people associate the word steeplechase with horses, Marsh is about as obscure as a world-class track athlete can be. Marty Liquori, who competed in the glamorous mile and 5,000-meter races before he became a TV commentator, once told Marsh, "If you want to get on TV, all you have to do is fall in the water."

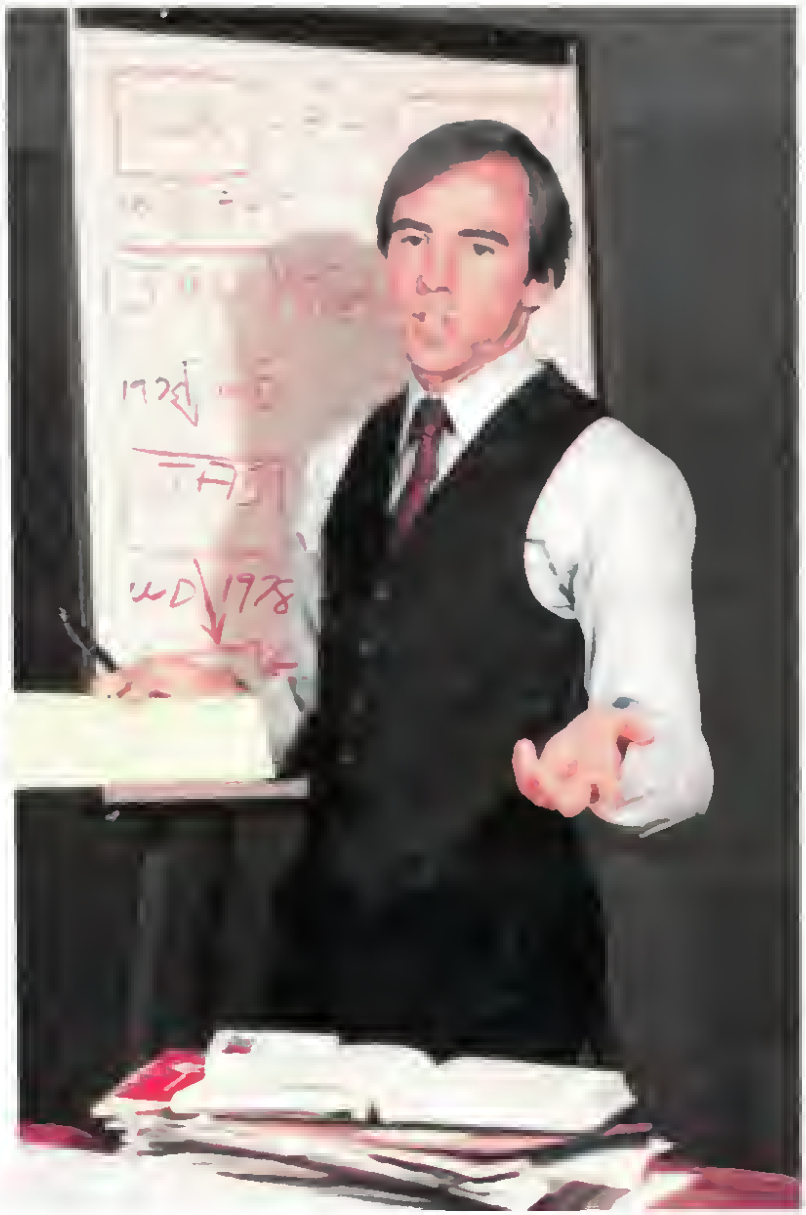
Which is exactly what most American steeplechasers have done over the years. Only two Yanks have won Olympic gold medals in the event. James Lightbody, the outstanding performer of the 1904 Games, and Horace Ashenfelter, a surprise in 1952. Last year America's second-best steeplechaser, John Gregorek, didn't rank among the world's top 15.

What makes Marsh's preeminence even more remarkable is that track is a sideline, not his day-in, day-out preoccupation. Marsh is a full-time attorney with the Salt Lake City law firm of Parsons, Behle and Latimer. While most members of the U.S. World Championship team were competing in Stockholm last week, Marsh was trying a case in Salt Lake City. His father, Howard, who is on the board of directors of the firm, says, "I'm not conscious of having encouraged Henry to become a lawyer." Henry himself says he is merely following a family tradition. His great-grandfather James Henry Moyle was one of the first Mormon attorneys, and his maternal grandfather, Henry Dinwoodey Moyle, after whom he was named, also practiced law. Howard Marsh practices corporate law, Henry concentrates on litigation.

Marsh is married to the former Suzi Wallin, a handsome blonde woman with an air of quiet authority, and they have two children, Jimmy, 4, and Danielle Dorothy (Dee Dee to everyone), 1. The Marshes met when they were students at Brigham Young University, and now live in a red-brick house in a small upper-middle-class section of Bountiful, an aptly named community on the outskirts of Salt Lake, high above the valley. A devout Mormon, Marsh has never tasted coffee, tea or alcohol—or tried tobacco. Most Sunday mornings the four Marshes spend three hours at the Val Verda Eleventh Ward Mormon church in Bountiful. His legal work, his family life and his commitment to the Mormon church would not seem to leave him much time to pursue a track career, but Henry Marsh knows how to pace himself.

Nowhere is that more evident than on the track. Marsh starts almost every race by settling into last place. For several boring laps he seems to be struggling there, a medium-sized man with an ungainly gait who overstrides a little and generally looks as though he might call it a day at any moment. He appears to be so out of it that even his fans, though familiar with his style, are ready to give up, too. "Oh, *Henry*," they mutter. "*Henry*, get up there. You're not going to make it, not this time!" Up ahead, runners jockey for position. Way back, Marsh lumbers on—alone. Can this be the runner called Stormin' Mormon?

When Marsh isn't courting disaster on the track circuit, he is leaping the barriers that are confronting him in the legal profession.



Out on the track, his face is a frown, and his windswept locks reveal a receding hairline. Maybe his stormin' days are over. But hold it! Suddenly Marsh is on the move. He passes one runner, and now he's making up ground every time he clears a hurdle. He pops over them without a hitch, sometimes leading with his right leg, sometimes his left; he never chops his stride the way his rivals sometimes do in order to lead with the same leg. By the time Marsh starts his last lap, he has reeled most of them in, one by one, and is just behind the leaders, poised to unleash his devastating kick off the last turn. In a classic Marsh finish, he flies over the last hurdle and sweeps past the startled leader, often on the inside, where he is least expected. Was there ever any doubt?

Marsh explains his tactics this way: "It's not how fast you are, it's how fast you are at the end of the race. This depends on how you handle the hurdles, whether you hurdle efficiently or have to chop your stride and then accelerate to get back to where you were. That takes a lot of energy and oxygen. I try to take them in a fluid motion and stay in stride."

Marsh also runs at a steady pace, usually 66 or 67 seconds per lap, which keeps him fresh to run the last lap as fast as he needs to in order to win. And while he's loping along in the rear, he's staying clear of the pushing and shoving that goes on in the pack. Bowerman, who coaches Marsh by telephone, says, "Henry is trained to win—not to win a lap, but to win the race."

"There is a saying in the Scripture," says Marsh. " 'Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize; so run that ye may obtain.' When it comes down to the last lap, I want to be in a position to win—in con-

continued

tact with the lead runner, relaxed because I have been efficient during the race and, finally, ready to make a move or respond to one. Then I can finish strong and win."

Marsh has always had a knack for making the right move at the right time, and not just on the track. Howard Marsh remembers that when the family was living in Hawaii in the early '70s and young Henry was running the mile in high school races, the announcer would regularly inform the crowd, "Henry Marsh runs as if he invented pace." Indeed, pacing is his secret to a full life.

For one thing, Marsh does not believe in the 100-mile-a-week training routine of many world-class runners. "Some runners don't race well unless they have a lot of miles behind them," he says. "That's not important to me. I like to run less but do more quality work, more at race pace." Sometimes Marsh will have son Jimmy stand in as a hurdle. However, if he wants to train with a water jump, Marsh must drive 30 minutes to Ogden or an hour to Provo. For his longer runs, he often takes to nearby Bountiful Boulevard, which offers a splendid view of the Great Salt Lake and, pale in the distance, the Oquirrh Mountains. In winter, when snow reaches up to his mailbox, he spends much of his training time on the 10-laps-to-the-mile indoor track at the Deseret gym in downtown Salt Lake. His basement is equipped with a treadmill, which records speed, distance, time and heart rate. Marsh does as many as 10 miles at a six-minutes-per pace while watching sports on TV.

Also in the basement is a storage room where most of Marsh's trophies are thrown in with the canned tomatoes and the canned peaches. A picture lying facedown shows him shaking hands with President Carter during the reception in Washington that was held as a consolation prize for the 1980 Olympic team that had no Olympics to go to. "I don't dwell on the past," Marsh says. "When I get something, I throw it in there. I like to look to the future rather than the past."

Displayed in his study is the one trophy Marsh truly likes: a silver bowl inscribed to the OUTSTANDING U.S. OLYMPIAN 1980 IN TRACK AND FIELD. He got that for setting his American record in the Olympic Trials.

Marsh almost died when he was 1½ years old. He was found lying facedown in the goldfish pond of his grandparents' rose garden, but was revived with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. His lungs retained some scar tissue from that accident, and that led to several bouts with pneumonia during his elementary school years. A doctor told Henry's parents that exercise would be good for him. With five brothers and two sisters, Henry saw exertion aplenty. John is the oldest, then come Henry, Kathy, Robert, Ricky, Elizabeth, William and Michael. The Marshes grew up in Dallas, Corpus Christi, Texas and Hawaii before Howard moved the family to Salt Lake City in 1972 and joined the law firm. Virginia Marsh, in a futile attempt to start a family philharmonic, once had her children sit down and try various instruments. Henry picked up the cello, but soon switched to the piano; he can play a mean *Baby Elephant Walk*.

At 11 Henry played split end on the Optimists' Colts, a Little League football team in Richardson, Texas that won the state championship and went on to play the Oklahoma champion in the annual Turkey Bowl. In that game Henry picked up a fumble but got confused and ran the wrong way. He cried a lot during halftime.

Marsh began to have success on the track in high school. When he was in 10th grade he finished seventh in the mile in the Texas state championships. His family then moved to Honolulu and in both his junior and senior years of high school there he was state champion in cross-country and at distances from the half-mile to two miles.

By then he had read Jim Ryun's biography. "He was the only track hero I ever had," says Marsh, who dreamed of following in Ryun's footsteps. Howard Marsh also hoped his son would become a sub-four-minute miler, but Henry didn't show much promise in that respect. To this day his fastest mile is a 4:02. When he enrolled at BYU in 1972, the school had plenty of good milers, and Marsh wasn't even able to make the cross-country team that year. Cougar Assistant Coach Pat Shane came up with the idea of teaching Marsh to hurdle. "I was a steeplechaser myself," says Shane, "and I needed steeplechasers."

"I had never seen a steeplechase until I got to college," says Marsh. Nevertheless, in his first race, in April of 1973, he finished fourth in 9:25. In his second, he stumbled at the second water jump and went for a swim. He got up and ran on, only to hit a barrier a couple of laps later. He staggered, but ultimately finished, his knee looking like a balloon.

After this calamitous beginning, Marsh's steeplechasing career came to an abrupt halt. Following



Jimmy, Dee Dee and Suzi are the owners of the keys to Henry's heart.

the dictates of his religion, he went on mission—to Brazil. He spent two years there—"proselyting time"—knocking on doors for about 13 hours each day, talking to people about Mormonism and baptizing converts. He ran on only rare occasions, and food being the only reward at the end of a hard day, put on 25 pounds. "I got up to 184," he says, "and at 5′ 10″ I looked pretty big."

In August 1975 Marsh returned to BYU for his sophomore year, a more mature man with a new outlook on life. "I no longer wanted to eat, drink and sleep track," he says. "My mission had put track in perspective." He began the 1976 season without a scholarship and, furthermore, felt the BYU track team could do well without him. He walked off the team for a couple of weeks, then decided to return and set himself some goals. The results were extraordinary.

His big goal for 1976 was to qualify for the NCAA championships. For that he needed an 8:55, a 30-second improvement over his best, the 9:25 in his steeplechasing debut. He knew he couldn't run that fast at BYU's 4,600-foot altitude; he needed a meet near sea level. But BYU's head coach, Clarence Robison, was not about to pay Marsh's way to the Penn or Drake relays. Finally he relented and let Marsh compete at the Mount Sac Relays in Walnut, Calif. Marsh won that race in 8:40.3, breaking the BYU record of 8:41.6 in the process.

At the '76 NCAAs, Marsh hoped to place among the top six and make All-America. He finished second to UTEP's James Munyala in 8:27.88. The qualifying standard for the Olympic Trials was 8:32. Marsh was amazed that he had done so well. Until then he had never even thought about the Trials, much less about going to the Olympics in Montreal. The Trials were in Eugene, Ore. and Marsh was second again, behind Doug Brown. Within a year he had gone from being a worn-out, out-of-shape missionary to a 1976 Olympian.

At Montreal, Brown lost a shoe in his heat, and Marsh wound up the only American in the finals. "I just hung on and ran as fast as I could," he says. "They dragged me along to an 8:23.99." He finished 10th. Bruce Jenner, the decathlon gold medalist, told him, "Hey, Henry, that's where I finished in 1972." Had the U.S. not pulled out of the '80 Games, Marsh would have gone to Moscow with his 8:15.68 the best time of that year.

Next week in Helsinki, Marsh will try not to be haunted by the race he won and lost in his last world meet, the 1981 World Cup. In that Rome race, Marsh was a little more reckless than usual as he approached the water jump on the penultimate lap in a pack of runners. "Usually, when a bunch of runners approach the water together," he says, "they spread out. They don't want to jump on top of each other. That leaves a big gap in the middle, and I like to cut right through there. But Ralf Ponitzsch of East Germany had seen the gap, too, and he was to my right, in front of me. He moved in; I was in his blind spot. We were about to collide. So I went around the water jump."

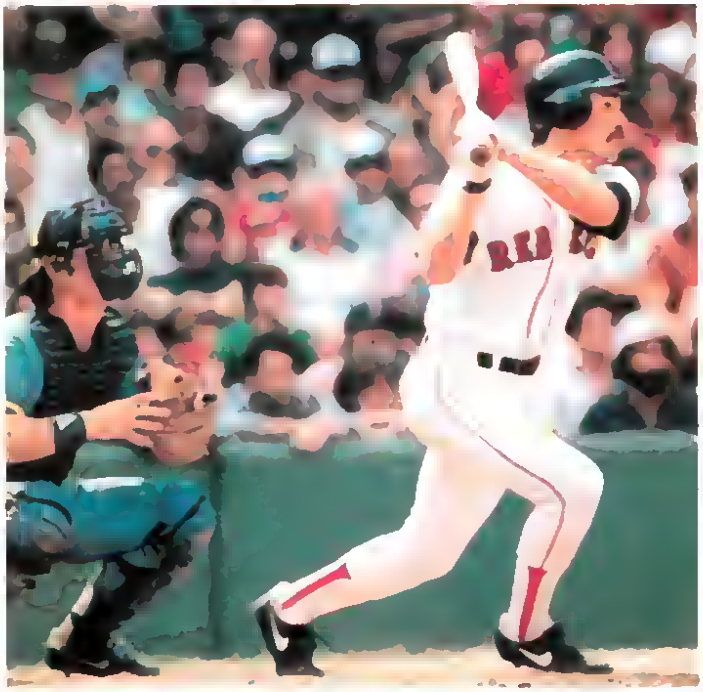
Marsh staged a typical sizzling finish and won in 8:19.31—but was disqualified. Fresh out of law school, he pleaded his own case before the Jury of Appeals. He lost, the jury ruling he had committed a foul. Boguslaw Mamiński of Poland was declared the winner, and Mariano Scartezzini of Italy got second. Both probably will be in Helsinki, along with Patriz Ilg, a West German whose 8:17.04 last year was second only to Marsh's 8:16.17. Other top challengers: Julius Korir of Kenya; Ethiopia's Eshetu Tura, who was third in the Moscow Olympics; and Finland's Tommy Ekhlom, who on July 6 became the first man in more than two years to outkick Marsh to the tape.

That race took place on the same track in Helsinki where the World Championships will be run. Marsh had been a little behind schedule all season, ever since hyperextending the muscles in his left calf during a race in April in Seattle. He had to be carried off the track that day, but after resting nine days he had come back to win every steeplechase he had run, which included races at the TAC championships and meets in Lausanne and Stockholm. In the last, on July 4, he had recorded the fastest time in the world this year, an 8:17.39. From Stockholm he went to Helsinki to check out the new Tartan track there, wondering how he would do with only one day's rest. During the World Championships he will probably have to run two heats and one final in a span of four days. "I thought that [July 6] race was going to be easy," he says. Marsh came off the last barrier and, as usual, sprinted past the leader, who was Ekblom, but Ekblom came back to catch him at the finish.

True to his nature, Marsh wasn't upset by that upset. "The loss just started my juices flowing," he says. "My goal is always to run better tomorrow than today." And not to fall in the water. Sorry about that, Marty Liquori. **END**



Marsh recently talked to a local Mormon congregation about his religion and his career.



Boggs passed Carew for the league batting lead last week.

He never Boggs down

How good a hitter is Wade Boggs? George Brett goes to him for tips

by John Garrity

Red Sox Third Baseman Wade Boggs was hitting a lofty .374 two weeks ago when *The Boston Globe* ran this five-column headline: FOR ALL HIS TOTALS, WADE BOGGS HAS YET TO PROVE HIMSELF IN THE CLUTCH. An accompanying cartoon was captioned: THE TWO SIDES OF WADE BOGGS, and showed Boggs with a big bat resting on his right shoulder, and a baseball falling out of the glove on his left hip.

At the time, Boggs, 25, led the American League or was close to the top in seven offensive categories, including average, hits, runs, on-base percentage and runs produced—all "pluses," the paper conceded—but that didn't excuse his "minuses": 18 errors, only one game-winning RBI and only one home run. "There is no evidence to suggest he is a man you want to send up there in the late innings with men in scoring position," wrote *Globe* columnist Bob Ryan. "In fact, some people are suggesting he is naught but a glorified Matty Alou. The immortal Matty was the greatest spacer-out of base hits of all time." (Credit Ryan with an extra-base insult, stretching a knock to two players.)

"Last year I had 44 RBIs in a limited time," Boggs points out, citing the 338 at bats in which he set a league record for highest batting average (.349) for a rookie playing 100 or more games. "But early on this season I was putting pressure on myself 'cause I was batting fifth, where you're supposed to drive in runs. And I'd get up with guys on second and third and not drive them in." But that was the exception, not the rule.

Last season Boggs led the Red Sox with a .421 average with men in scoring position and hit .348 from the seventh inning on. And in a recent eight-game stretch following the *Globe*'s criticisms, Boggs got 16 RBIs—including five game winners, three of which were on ninth-inning hits, and three home runs. Through last Sunday, Boggs had 57 RBIs, was batting .360 with runners in scoring position, and had a league-leading .374 average, seven points ahead of California's Rod Carew, who had been the top hitter since May 1.

In his first 200 major league games Boggs has batted .361, one of the most prodigious starts in history. "Wade Boggs is in that elite group of great, great hitters with George Brett [.288 after 200 games] and Rod Carew [.293]," says A's Manager Steve Boros. He might also have mentioned Stan Musial (.327) and Ted Williams (.331).

On the other hand, Baltimore Manager Joe Altobelli said in June, "Boggs wouldn't be anything without the Wall in Fenway." Which just goes to confirm that a glass can be half empty or half full, depending on one's perspective.

"I think he's an *excellent* hitter," counters Brett. Brett's opinion counts with Boggs, who admits that the Royals' third baseman was his inspiration during his slow, six-season climb through the Red Sox organization. "I've always followed George," Boggs says, "but particularly since 1977. That's because he was a third baseman, hit lefthanded like me, and hit to the opposite field." A disciple of the hitting theories of both Williams ("patience, discipline and a slight upswing") and Charley Lau ("using the whole field, not worrying about home runs"), Boggs accepts as gospel Brett's dictum that home runs come with good mechanics and a relaxed swing, not by *trying* to hit them.

"We've become very good friends," Brett says of Boggs. "We started talking in the batting cage at Fenway last year, and the next thing you know we were talking an awful lot."

Recently, says Boggs, they talked about the "dominant top hand coming over to put top spin on the ball when you pull it," an action that makes a line drive sink. "George says, '*I'm* trying to do that.' That shocked me," says Boggs, who puts top spin on the ball naturally. "As great a hitter as he is, he was asking me how *I* did it."

Walt Hriniak, the Sox hitting coach, smiles at this, because Boggs has been working to "correct" that very action. "He's trying to let the left hand come off the bat, like George, so he can get the ball to carry." Boggs thinks it's possible to use one swing for homers and another to hit sinking line drives to right, the way a golfer controls a fade or a draw.

Altobelli was wrong, of course, when he charged that Boggs, like some shade-tolerant fescue, flourishes only in the shadow of Fenway's Green Monster. "I imagine Altobelli wishes he'd never said that," says Boston Manager Ralph Houk with a laugh. "I think that was an after-game frustration comment. Wade hit two balls off the Wall against Baltimore and

continued



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we won the game." Boggs himself sees the Wall as an advantage—he admits he aims at it—but others argue that a line-drive hitter is not helped by close fences, which leave the outfielders less ground to cover. In any case, Boggs hit .342 on the road last year and is hitting .355 away from Fenway this season.

Neither Hrniak nor Houk wants Boggs to change what he's doing to satisfy the critics. "For him to swing for home runs now would be a mistake," Hrniak says. "They'll come with maturity." Smiling, he adds, "Even if Wade stays the same, who *cares* if he hits home runs?" Early in the season, according to Boggs, "Houk told me he didn't care if I flared 'em over the third baseman's head—he just wanted me to get on for the big guns behind me: Armas, Rice and Evans." Boggs's major-league-leading on-base percentage of .463 through Sunday shows he took Houk's advice to heart.

"He has the knack, with the fast hands, of hitting the ball where it's pitched," Houk says. "But what makes him different is his patience at the plate. I don't think I've ever seen a young hitter who will wait for his pitch like he does."

As for Boggs's fielding, Houk points out that the Red Sox wouldn't have traded Carney Lansford to Oakland for Tony Armas if they didn't have faith that Boggs could wield the glove. "I'd call him an average third baseman now and improving all the time," says Houk. In fact, Boggs was holding steady with 18 errors through the end of last week.

When the Red Sox visited Kansas City in April, Brett took Boggs to Nabil's restaurant to indulge Boggs's famous passion for chicken: chicken stuffed with cheese, chicken stir-fried with vegetables, chicken glazed with lemon sauce. Now, the prospect of a batting race with his idol, who is hitting .352, excites Boggs. "That's *super*," he says. "When you're a kid growing up, you watch these guys—the Pete Roses, the Rod Carews—you imitate them in Wiffle Ball games. Now here I am playing against them."

Don't think that Boggs is overawed, though. When he isn't eating chicken these days, he's making his critics eat crow. "Remember," he says confidently, "I've been in five batting races in the minor leagues, two straight going down to the last day. [He won the International League title in 1981.] It's like going from your high school play to Broadway. It's just a bigger stage."

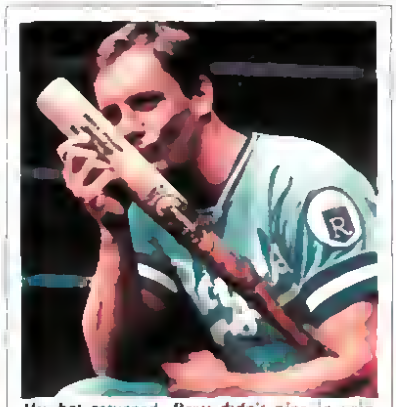
INSIDE PITCH

(Through July 31)

by HERM WEISKOPF

WHAT HAPPENED:
Two outs, one on, top of the ninth, Yankee Stadium, July 24. Kansas City's George Brett hits a two-run homer off Goose Gossage to put the Royals ahead 5–4. Yankee Manager Billy Martin objects to excessive pine tar on Brett's bat. Umpires confer. Brett called out for using an "illegal bat." Game over. New York wins 4–3.

WHAT SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED:
Pick it up after the home run. Martin charges out of the dugout. Confronts Home Plate Umpire Tim McClelland.



His bat returned, Brett didn't pine in vain

"That's not a home run," rages Billy.

"And just why not?" asks McClelland.

"He has too much pine tar on his bat," Martin says indignantly.

"Hey, guys," McClelland yells to the other umps. "Come on over here. You're going to love this."

"Listen to me," screams Martin. "Our guy, Thurman Munson, lost a hit and we got jobbed out of a run back in '75 because he had too much pine tar on his stick. Rule 1.10 specifically states pine tar can't be more than 18 inches from the handle, and 6.06(a) says a batter is out because of an illegally batted ball."

"Nice try, Billy, but you're wrong," says McClelland. "If the Yankees had appealed the Munson incident in '75, you would have won your case. Almost the same thing happened later that season when Kansas City's John Mayberry hit two home runs against California and K.C. won 8–7. California protested he had pine tar beyond 18 inches. American League President Lee MacPhail—you remember him, don't ya, Billy?—denied the protest, ruling, 'Pine tar is not to be considered in the same vein as a doctored or filled bat under rule 6.06(d).' Billy, pine tar is prohibited only because it might mess up the ball—and that's an advantage for the pitcher."

"Furthermore," interjects Crew Chief Joe Brinkman, who has been looking on in amusement, "American League Regulation 4.23 says, 'The use of pine tar in itself shall not be considered doctoring the bat. The 18 inch rule will not be cause for ejection or suspension.' Billy, it couldn't be clearer than that, could it?"

"But what about all that —— pine tar?" Martin stammers.

"If you had screamed before, not after, Brett batted, or if we had noticed the tar ourselves, under 1.10 we'd have tossed the bat out," explains Brinkman. "You didn't and we didn't, so I guess we both made a boo-boo there. It's as simple as that. The homer stands, but nice talking to you."

Martin (chastened). "Gee, guys, I guess I should have known the rules as well as you do."

Chorus (triumphant): "Well, Billy, that's what we get paid for."

AFTERMATH:
In actuality, the umpires' shocking ignorance of precedent, rules and interpretations forced MacPhail to overrule his four-man crew, which also included Nick Bremigan and Drew Coble. If necessary, the game will be completed at a later date with the Royals leading 5–4 and bat-

FOUL BALL

St. Louis took the first game of a doubleheader in Montreal 3–2 when Jeff Reardon walked in the decisive run in the 10th. When Reardon's pregnant wife Phebe joined other Expos wives on the field between games for a charity event, the Montreal fans booed her, sending her away in tears. And during Reardon's two innings of relief work in the nightcap, won by the Cardinals 10–1, they booed every strike he threw and cheered each ball call and the two hits he gave up. Reardon, who was tied for the National League lead in saves with 15, was understandably shaken. "You don't do that to my wife," said Reardon. "I can't believe they did that."

continued


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At an angler's local in Scotland, they put a man's fly rod on the wall to honor him. The talk is more of salmon lost than salmon landed. And respect flows through the hall like the afternoon sun. The good things in life stay that way.

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ting with two out in the top of the ninth.

In announcing his decision, MacPhail was unduly kind to the umpires when he said, "The umpires' interpretation, while technically defensible, is not in accord with the intent or spirit of the rules." In fact, their interpretation was completely wrong, but critics of MacPhail's decision, especially the umpiring crew and the Yankees, turned MacPhail's poorly chosen words against him.

"The rule book is the only thing we have to go by," said McClelland. "If somebody wants to make a farce of the rules, then we'll just have to be men and take it."

"The guy has made a joke of the rule book," said Martin.

MacPhail's assistant, Bob Fishel, sympathized with the umpires' plight of "lots of rules and overlapping rules," but made it clear to SI's Armen Keteyian that all umpires attend rules meetings, receive updated bulletins and "are expected to know the rules." MacPhail's decision was correct and courageous.

Thirteen days after he was fired by Philadelphia, Pat Corrales became Cleveland's fifth manager in seven years. One hundred games into a two-season contract, Mike Ferraro had replaced Corrales among the unemployed.

"This has been a very tough year for me," said Ferraro after he was canned last Sunday. "It started with the [cancer] operation. Then came the losing. Right now, I feel like I am in the gutter. I gave up a pretty good thing [as coach for the Yankees the last four years] to come to Cleveland, and I feel like I was shot in the back."

The men who pulled the trigger, President Gabe Paul and General Manager Phil Seghi, had been under heavy fire themselves for the team's disappointing showing. Sixth-place finishers in each of the last five seasons, the Indians had dropped to dead last in the American League East, 19 games out of first, when the change was made.

Paul and Seghi wanted a tougher manager than Ferraro, who admits he was mellowed by his preseason battle with cancer of the kidney. "We are low, and I'm not just talking about the standings," said First Baseman Mike Hargrove.

Ironically, the man who is supposed to provide new inspiration was out of work because the Philadelphia management didn't think he was getting the most from his talent, even though the team was in first place. Corrales will be surrounded by familiar faces in Cleveland, six of the Indians having played for him before in either Philadelphia or Texas.

"I view the Indians as a challenge," Corrales said. He had better, because, as Cleveland Pitcher Dan Spillner said of Ferraro, "He found himself in the driver's seat of a car going nowhere."

After taking an 0-for-3 collar recently against Baltimore's Mike Boddicker, California's Rod Carew described the rookie's pitches as "worse garbage than what I take out at night." Last week, after again going 0 for 3 against Boddicker, Carew tried to clear the air by saying, "I'm going to apologize to him because I don't want the kid to think I have any malice toward him. We all express frustrations at times, and it's nothing personal."

Boston's Carl Yastrzemski, who was batting .298, admitted he was reconsidering retiring at the end of the season. "I'll make up my mind in September," said Yaz. Bosox officials are not happy about that; they've planned a September farewell for Yaz at Fenway Park, and they feel his lack of speed and reduced power hurt more than his hitting helps. . . . San Diego First Baseman Steve Garvey's National League record for consecutive games played ended at 1,207 after he dislocated his left thumb while sliding into home plate.

As he had done several times in the past when his split-fingered fastball went awry, Cardinal Reliever Bruce Sutter sought advice from Mike Roarke, who used to be his pitching coach with the Cubs. Roarke went from his home in Rhode Island to St. Louis to observe Sutter, and in Sutter's next three games he picked up two saves and a win and looked like his old self. Sutter explained that Roarke had noticed he was throwing the pitch too hard. "The ideal speed is about 78 or 79 miles an hour," Sutter said. "I was throwing it over 80. When I throw it hard, it just won't break." . . . After the Cardinals traded Keith Hernandez to the Mets, the first baseman said, "There's going to be a lot more pressure on George Hendrick without me batting ahead of him in the lineup. Now they won't have another experienced RBI man in the lineup to take some of the heat off George." Hernandez was right. Hendrick had 11 homers and 48 RBIs in 186 at bats when Hernandez was traded June 15. Since then, he's had one homer and 19 RBIs in 159 at bats.

Houston Centerfielder Omar Moreno demanded that he be played or traded after Manager Bob Lillis decided to bench him against certain lefty pitchers. (Moreno was hitting .186 against southpaws at the time.) During Moreno's first start after his blowup—against Philly righthander John Denny—he got late jumps on several balls hit his way. One fell for a single that helped cost Joe Niekro a 3–1 loss. "I'm hacked," said Niekro. "On that ball, your centerfielder has got to take charge. That ball had to be caught." END

BALL PARK FIGURES

In response to an SI poll, big league players named the following as the best bunters:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Bryan Little, Expos
2. Alan Wiggins, Padres
3. Ozzie Smith, Cardinals
4. Tim Raines, Expos

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Rod Carew, Angels
2. Jerry Remy, Red Sox
3. Tim Foli, Angels
4. Rob Wilfong, Angels

A CHANGE OF HEART?

Angel Outfielder Ellis Valentine, who has one of the most powerful arms in the game, has been experimenting with pitching. "If I were 0 for 31, I think I'd want to be a pitcher, too," said Executive Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi of Valentine, whose slump lowered his average to .207. Pitching Coach Tom Morgan, though, felt that Valentine, whose fastball has been estimated at 90 mph, can be a big-leaguer on the mound. It's not all that new for Valentine, 29, who was a high school hurler. The Angels could use a strong-armed pitcher; since the All-Star Game, opponents have hit .317 against them.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TOM HERR: *The Cardinals' second baseman drove in the winning run in four of the six games he played, with two sacrifice flies, a bases-loaded walk and a single. He batted .520, going 13 for 25.*

The intrigue lies down under

Australia II is tops among Cup challengers, but with a debatable bottom

by Sarah Pileggi



The middle weeks of July were everything a Newport, R.I. summer ought to be. A handsome young prince came to town, the sun shone day after sparkling blue-and-white day, the British gave a fairy-tale ball that Mrs. Astor would have envied, and out on Rhode Island Sound 10 beauteous 12-meter yachts raced and beat one another with no regard whatever for the winter-book odds. Everybody agreed this was the best America's Cup summer in years.

Then England's handsome Prince Andrew went home, the sun claimed a lay day or two, the Australians reportedly installed an electronic shield around the secret keel of *Australia II* (to deter espionage, they said), a Canadian, undeterred, was arrested while trying to photograph the keel, the New York Yacht Club up and charged that the keel in question was illegal, and out on the water the Twelves sorted themselves into top dogs, underdogs and just plain dogs.

Top dog among the foreign boats was Alan Bond's entry from the Royal Perth Yacht Club in Western Australia. By last weekend, two-thirds of the way through the third round-robin series to determine the challenger, *Australia II* had gone to sea 36 times and had come home the winner 33 times. Her losses, two in the first series and one in the second, were to *Challenge 12*, her Australian sparring partner from Melbourne, *Victory '83*, Peter de Savary's British entry, and *Azzurra*, the Italian newcomer.

Bond, the pugnacious, 45-year-old millionaire who heads the *Australia II* syndicate, is a high roller in the mold of Sir Thomas Lipton, the Irishman who between 1899 and 1930 tried unsuccessfully to capture the Cup five times. Bond has now taken the America's Cup plunge four times—with *Southern Cross* in 1974, *Australia* in 1977 and 1980 and now with *Australia II*—but so far, in spite of having spent an estimated $16 million along the way, he has yet to cash any chips. However, experience counts almost as much as money in the 12-meter game, and this could just conceivably be Bond's year.

As *Australia II's* string of victories lengthened, a few mutterings reached print to the effect that she was suffering from inadequate competition. But John Bertrand, the tall, slim Melbourne sailmaker who handles her helm, put the gripes in perspective. "Day before yesterday, I said to the crew that I was worried that we weren't being pushed enough," he said. "Then, bingo, we had two races, one against *Azzurra* and the next against *Challenge*, that were just fantastic. So you never know. We sail pretty hard out there, and even though the times look pretty good, we've had some very, very close racing."

Battling for positions behind *Australia II* were *Azzurra*, *Canada I*, *Challenge 12* and *Victory '83*. Every time the challengers raced, which was every day, the standings from second through fifth place had to be rearranged on the big brown scoreboard outside the challengers' tent on Newport's Thames Street. *France 3* and *Advance*, the third Australian entrant, were already mathematically assured of being sent home before the start of the challengers' semifinal on Aug. 11. But one more boat remained to be eliminated, and the four-way dogfight to avoid being that boat provided midsummer's best entertainment.

Poor *Advance*, which has won only two races the entire summer, had her



The plastic curtain conceals Australia II's mysterious keel, the subject of much of Newport's news.

misfortunes capped last Friday when her mast broke in heavy seas. "We hit a couple of big waves, the mast got out of column and exploded," said Iain Murray, her skipper, as he surveyed the wreckage. Designed specifically for light airs, *Advance* is a gamble that failed.

Australia II, with her radically different keel which has been shielded from public view every night by a jury-rigged contraption of plywood and green plastic sheeting, is another gamble. To make her extremely maneuverable in starts and tacking duels, while at the same time maintaining stability, Ben Lexcen, the 47-year-old designer of both *Australia II* and *Challenge 12*, created a keel that is much smaller than the conventional 12-meter's. The bulk of its weight is concentrated in a bulb of lead that sits at the bottom of the leading edge of the keel. Behind the bulb are swept-back "fins."

That much everybody in Newport seemed to know, in spite of all the secrecy. What was unknown was precisely how the elements are put together and, more important, whether or not it is the keel that accounts for *Australia II's* extraordinary success so far.

The New York Yacht Club seems to think it may be. In a July 24 memo addressed to the International Yacht Racing Union, the NYYC contended that Lexcen's fins are illegal under the rating rule and measurement instructions of the 12-meter class, and cited the Australian's secrecy gambit as "conclusive proof" of a "peculiarity" that gives *Australia II* "an advantage she would not otherwise have." The Australians replied that the only unfair advantage was that they thought of the fins first.

Fear of a design breakthrough is what keeps a lot of rich men awake nights in Newport. It doesn't happen often. The last legitimate breakthrough was Olin Stephens' *Intrepid* in 1967. Stephens was the first to separate the rudder from the keel in a 12-meter, moving the rudder aft and installing a trim tab on the trailing edge of the keel to compensate. Most changes in 12-meter design have been refinements rather than great leaps forward. And as boats designed to the 12-meter rule get better, it grows harder and harder to find ways to improve them.

"What we may be looking at is that the 12-meter rule has been pretty much exploited to the hilt," says Owen Torrey, the performance evaluator for *Courageous*. "In 1958, let's say, the boats were 66 percent of perfect. You get up to where they're 98 percent of perfect and it's very hard to put another boat into those two percent."

America's Dennis Conner and his Freedom Campaign have tried to do just that. They have built three new 12-meters since 1981, trying to improve on *Freedom*, the 1980 Cup winner. At the 11th hour they settled on *Liberty*, a cranberry-red-hulled refinement of *Freedom*, and the choice seems to have been the right one. At the end of the July Observation Trials, *Liberty* had surged well ahead of *Defender* and *Courageous*, with 15 wins and five losses. Tom Blackaller's *Defender* took four of the July races from *Liberty*, but only two of them were wins on the water. The other two were the results of protest. John Kolius' *Courageous* managed to beat *Liberty* only once in July, on the second day of the series, but that was the race of the summer—and, some said, of several summers. It was a classic tactical duel fought over six legs and 19 miles. The lead changed back and forth, the boats were overlapped at two marks and never separated by more than 12 seconds at any of them, and at the finish, after almost three hours of racing, *Courageous* nosed out *Liberty* by eight seconds.

In preparation for August's Final Trials to choose the defender, the races that really count, *Defender* will go under the buzz saw at Newport Offshore, Ltd. Her stern will be reshaped in hopes of improving her performance upwind and in sloppy seas. *Courageous* awaits new sails that Kolius hopes will make the difference. And Conner, who now seems to have taken the measure of his two American opponents, can only wait and wonder just how formidable the *Australia II* challenge really is.

"There have been breakthroughs before and there will be breakthroughs again," says Conner. "But we can't wring our hands about it. The Australians certainly have our attention, but at this point we don't know what we don't know, and nobody else knows either."

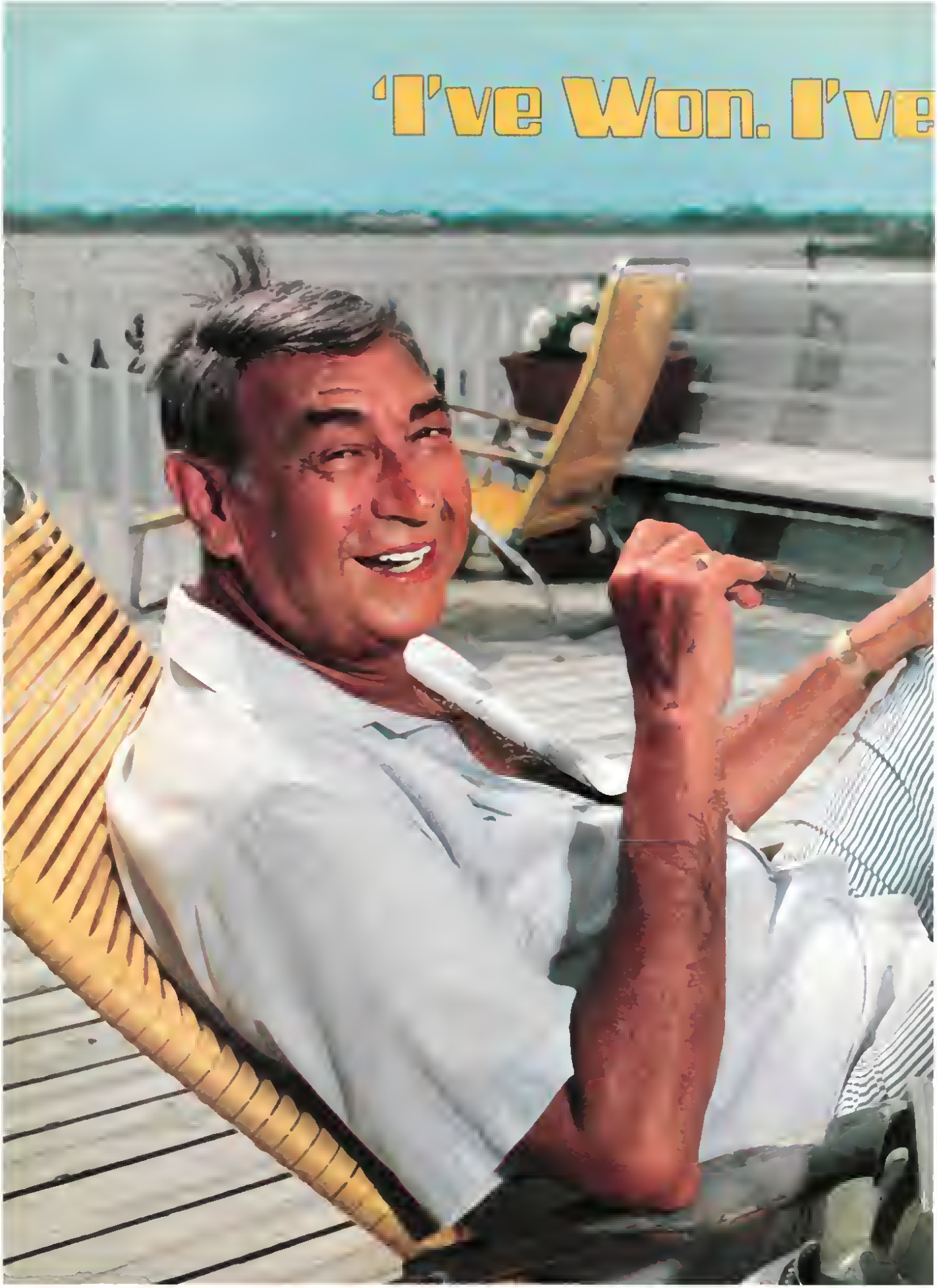
With a 132-year-old winning streak at stake, not knowing can make people—especially members of the NYYC—testy, at best. And to make matters worse, the Aussies like nothing better than to talk about how things will be when they win the America's Cup. "The defense of the trophy would be held off Fremantle," says Bertrand, grinning at the discomfort he knows his words will provoke. "It is probably the most perfect 12-meter sailing ground in the world. It's glorious. The sun shines all the time. It's quite Utopian from a climatic point of view."

And quite unthinkable from another. Leave Newport? And funky old Thames Street? Never. But, by the way, just where is this Fremantle? END



Bertrand ashore with daughter Sunshine.

'I've Won. I've



Beat Them'

Like it or not, Howard Cosell stands alone at the top of his profession, a position he cherishes almost as much as he does his beloved Emmy

by Frank Deford



CONTINUED

Quickness and momentum. You take the whole last generation of sports, listening to them, even reading about them, watching the games, analyzing them, arguing about them, instant-replaying them, second-guessing them, and all you'll distill from them is quickness and momentum. Oh yes, the announcers also gave us a bit of mental toughness, the occasional 110%, the odd physical—as inevitably in *very* physical—but when all is said and done, and said again and again, and again, it was a time of quickness and momentum.



Even now, so few comprehend. About Howard Cosell, that is. Cosell does. "I have won," he says, as is his wont. As we know. In that jejune world up in the booth—*high* up in the booth—only one man possesses quickness and momentum. He is not the one with the golden locks or the golden tan but the old one, shaking, sallow and hunched, with a chin whose purpose is not to exist as a chin but only to fade, so that his face may, as the bow of a ship, break the waves and not get in the way of his voice. For as long as he speaks, whoever rails at Cosell's toupee isn't seeing the bombs for the silos.

He's 65 now, and he regularly makes idle threats that when his contract runs out next August, after the Olympics, he'll pack it in. However, no one who knows him believes he's doing anything but blowing smoke. After a couple of vodkas, Cosell is more direct. "If I quit, I die," he says. And if he needed any more support for that position, he got it several weeks ago from Leonard Goldenson, the chairman of ABC and Cosell's old friend. Goldenson summoned Cosell to his aerie and said, "I won't permit you to retire. You're ABC. You're family." Emmy Co-



Cosell at work. He believes SportsBeat, his weekly television news program, will be his "legacy." On radio his voice is even more commanding.

sell, whom, 39 years later, Howard still calls "my bride . . . that girl who has been my life," who accompanies him most everywhere, is no longer even sure that she wants him to abandon the hunt. Consider the alternatives. Even now, with two days off a week, he becomes impossible. When he's out at their beach house in the Hamptons on Long Island, with Emmy and their daughters and grandchildren, and the phone rings and he says he's needed back to do ABC's bidding, everybody in the family professes sadness that he must leave. Secretly, though, they're delighted, because he's driving them all crazy and because they know, for himself, he must go be Howard Cosell again.

In a throwaway business, he survives; in the most imitative of businesses, he hasn't met his match, let alone been surpassed. When others say he's but a parody of himself, there's even a measure of compliment in that. One thinks then of Nureyev, who once said to a carper, "I may get tired of playing Romeo, but Romeo doesn't get tired of having me play him." Just so, Cosell never tires of having Cosell play him.

Ultimately, he has gone beyond quickness, gone even beyond momentum, and has reached that estate all his colleagues seek in the teams they cover: He has become a dynasty. Dynasties are all but gone, gone with the Kennedys, gone with the Yankees, Packers, Steelers, Celtics, Notre Dame, UCLA, Nicklaus and Ali. Only one dynasty is left in sports, and that's Cosell, up there in the booth, an emperor in earphones, draped in his grapefruit blazer as he looks upon the Lilliputian world below and describes it "like" he perceives it.

Edgar Scherick is a prominent movie producer now, but once, eons ago, he invented ABC Sports. Roone Arledge was Scherick's protégé, and while Arledge had the courage and foresight to force Cosell on ABC and thereby foist him on America, it was Scherick who paved the way. Now Scherick utters a name: "Will Rogers." Of course, he's right. In the 20th century in the U.S., the two abiding folk figures, sui generis, have been Will Rogers and Howard Cosell.

"I know," says Scherick, interrupting himself. "Will Rogers was beloved. Howard is not beloved. But that isn't the point. Beloved isn't part of the culture anymore. Nobody would even want to be beloved if he could be; it would cast aspersions on him. The point is that Will Rogers and Howard Cosell have been true originals.

"Howard is a walking conflict. He is an intelligent, sensitive and caring man. Yet he has this huge need for celebration. I employ that as the root word for celebrity. And these two things create a vortex in him that drives him. But none of that may be important anymore. What is, is that Howard means something now. He means something to this society."

It's not easy, either, being a social phenomenon, although it probably helps when you're beloved and can twirl a lariat in the bargain. People set out to be President, to be champion, but no one ever sets out to be a phenomenon, and there's no primer on how to behave should you become one. Cosell, like everybody else, was ready to settle merely for fame and success and wealth. "I never had any idea that I—that any person in sports—could become so important in U.S. society," he says. "Who would have dreamed it?"

What's even more extraordinary is that Cosell has been a controversial phenomenon. He must deal not only with simple attention but with conflict as well. By contrast, Rogers was revered specifically for his equanimity; never met a man he didn't like—yes, yes, we know whom he never met . . . Furthermore, the two television notables that Cosell most often compares himself with, Walter Cronkite and Johnny Carson, have survived so long primarily because they're attractive public figures. Uncle Walter satisfied our need for Dwight Eisenhower in formaldehyde, while Carson, a master of safety even above timing, has never ventured from a world any larger than a thimble.

continued

one circumscribed by transitory jokes about Burbank, cleavage and the company cafeteria.

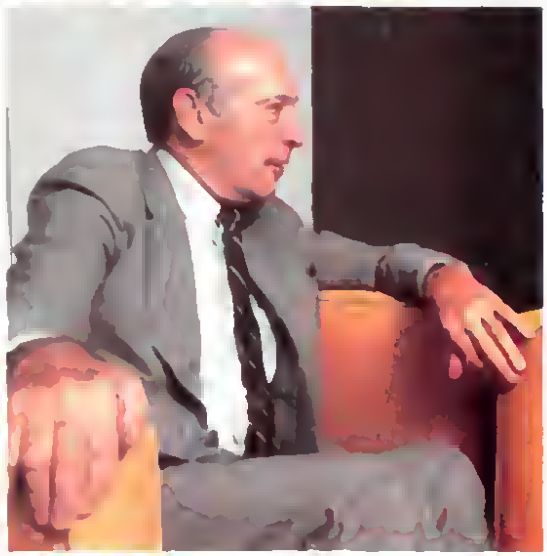
But Cosell has always existed with contentiousness. Or, as he would have it, "I have lived on the precipice of professional peril every day of my life." He's constantly courting extremes, now bathing in affection or acclaim, forever repeating his best notices, while all the while running scared, protesting too much, playing the classic role of the lawyer who chooses to defend himself, thereby showing that he has a fool for a client. Cosell remains, even now, baffled by rejection. "He has almost a childlike inability to comprehend that he won't make friends everywhere," says his daughter, Hilary, 31. Arledge has said, "Most of the problems between us come from his insecurity." When ABC picked up Cosell's option again a few months ago—could there have been any question?—he was suddenly euphoric around the office, walking on air. His young staffers were mystified until they discovered that his elation stemmed from the fact that he knew he wasn't going to get canned.

Cosell can recall verbatim passing criticism from years ago, the one negative sentence in a sea of praise, but he'll never credit the author for the rest. "I've often told Howard he should be more forgiving of others," says Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, one of Cosell's closest friends. But to no avail. "I don't apologize for that," says Cosell. Criticism, he's sure, is only "fanned" by jealous and dull-witted print naysayers.

Cosell seldom encounters those many fans who profess to despise him. His reception in public is invariably warm, even adoring. He's such engaging company that he can enthrall any gathering he joins, which he knows full well and relentlessly enjoys proving. Those who are close to him, and who have never crossed him, agree that he's a gracious, even good, man, blemished only by a massive ego and insecurity—each of which is, of course, the flip side of the other.



Schenck thinks Cosell is a folk figure comparable to Will Rogers.



Cosell reveres Goldenson (above) but is ambivalent about Arledge.



The television Cosell is not turned on. Off the air, save for being even more overwhelming and for exhibiting much more humor, he is the same person. Here, for example, is a typical Cosell filibuster, delivered over cocktails after someone at the table casually alluded to the competition *Monday Night Football* has faced through the years: "Precisely! And how do you think it was, going against *M*A*S*H* and Alan Alda, who has, I might add, embarked on a new series, a man I became especially close to, a conscientious family man who still resides in Leonia, New Jersey—a house you should see—and a man whose wife I know well because of my interest in her campaign, which she is devoted to so wholeheartedly. I am speaking, of course, in reference to her campaign on behalf of women's rights, which I became an integral part of, and I chanced to be on the same airplane with Alan on one occasion as we winged our way from Los Angeles to New York, and we found ourselves seated next to one another, and Alan began the conversation by alluding to that very point, how when *M*A*S*H* found itself aligned against *Monday Night*. . . ."

The humor, that part of Cosell seldom expressed on the air—and colleagues have urged him to exhibit it more—is rarely biting. Instead, it's teasing, even sophomoric. "I'm so sorry to hear about your paternity suit" is one of his greetings. Or upon meeting the sales manager's wife, he may say, "How regrettable that you married beneath yourself, my dear." Tee-hee. He flirts with waitresses and stewardesses in broad burlesque, while Emmy's eyes roll up into her head. Not again! He plays benignly for giggles, not guffaws.

Yet on the air Cosell seems almost to court animosity, after all these years still never showing the slightest tendency to be mollescent

continued



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in those familiar places where he infuriates—stepping on lines, big-wording, declaiming, dropping diminutives, nailing his law degree to every wall. Then again, perhaps he appreciates that the bits and pieces his detractors rail at are only that, that in sum he's so different, so unmatched in his trade, that no amount of tinkering with his act would matter for those predisposed to dislike his overall style. In the first game on *Monday Night Football*, Sept. 21, 1970, Leroy Kelly of the Browns eked out 62 yards on 20 carries. In the second half Cosell said, "Leroy Kelly has not been a compelling factor tonight." The switchboards at ABC lit up, and for days Cosell was castigated in the press for his ignorance and callousness in making such an intemperate remark. So, why should he bother to accommodate the critics? As it is, something like one of every eight letters written to ABC about a personality concerns Cosell. No wonder he could say five years ago, "I am the most hated man on the face of the earth," and then, moments later, cite voluminous reports to prove his preeminent popularity.

No, it's not easy being a phenomenon.

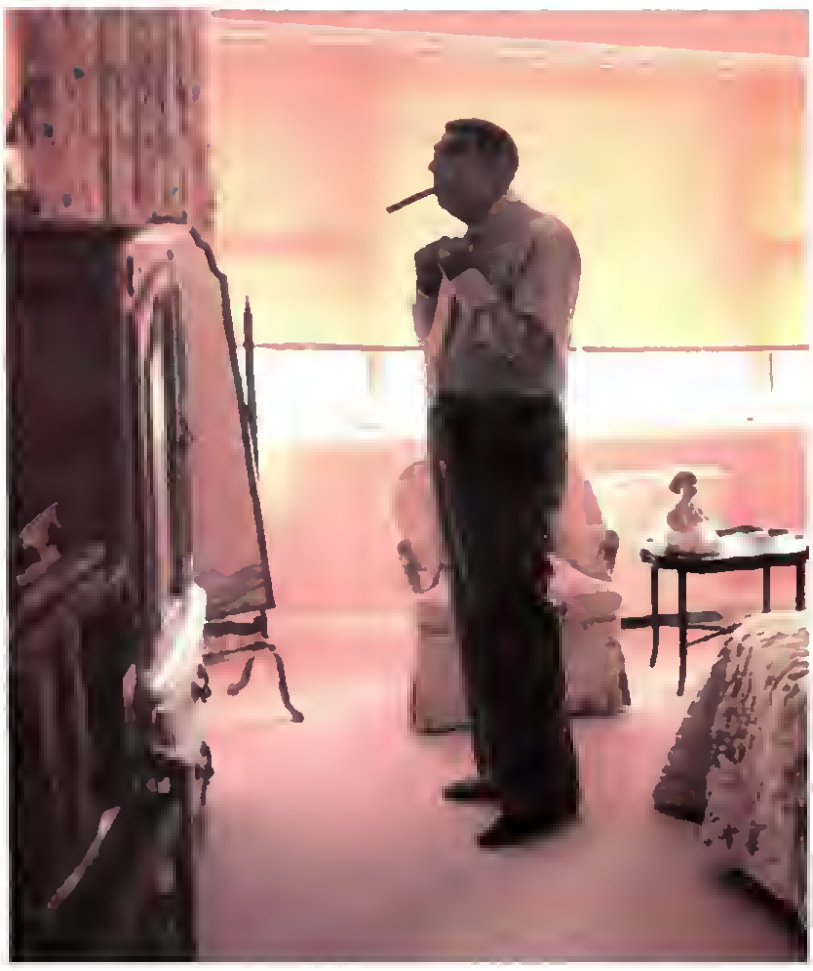
What makes a phenomenon is itself phenomenal, a conjunction of coincidence and uniqueness. As Cosell the man is so much a child of his place (the Brooklyn of yore) and of his time (the Depression) so is Cosell the television figure a product of more recent mundane circumstance. Don Ohlmeyer, the former head of NBC Sports, refers to Cosell as being dominant in "the golden age of network sports." Ohlmeyer then hastens to add that that epoch has passed. Both the novelty and the monopoly of the three networks have so diminished that it's unlikely one personality, no matter how special, will ever again be so important. Cosell is the first and last of a line.

Once upon a time an American President visited China, and Peter Jenkins of *The Guardian* included in one of his reports to London that "On the second day of Mr. Cronkite's visit to China, Richard Nixon, who is accompanying him, went to ." So it is with Cosell and sports. Tom Shales of *The Washington Post*, the most respected TV critic in the country, once wrote, "Howard Cosell is not providing the commentary for the sporting event, the sporting event is providing commentary for Howard Cosell." On Mr. Cosell's second day at the World Series, the Dodgers and Yankees, who are accompanying him.

It also helped that when Cosell came to TV he was utterly in contrast to the toothy myrmidons who reigned at the microphone and who spoke no evil save for the mayhem they regularly perpetrated upon the English language. Sports broadcasting was even more humorless and liturgical when Cosell broke in than it is now, although certainly it is still mired in the horse latitudes of journalism. The other day a young woman dodged through the traffic on Manhattan's Sixth Avenue to reach Cosell, whom she had espied leaving the ABC Building. "Mr. Cosell," she said, "I have a friend who wants to be a sports announcer. How can he succeed?"

"Is he a former All-American athlete, my dear?" asked Cosell. She shook her head. "Is he a guttural illiterate?" Again she shook her head. "I'm sorry," said Cosell, offering his deep commiseration, "then there is no home for your friend in this business."

Finally, Cosell came late to a young man's game, bringing maturity and perspective, a game plan, if you will. He was in his mid-30s, with a successful New York City law practice, when he decided to take a shot at broadcasting. But make no mistake. He perfectly understood what hurdles lay in his path and how he must surmount them. He created Howard Cosell right from the first. Red Barber recalls Cosell's telling him how he understood it was too late for him to have a play-by-play career, to be in the traditional glamour spot. No, he would have to carve out a whole new dominion. Ray Robinson, the executive editor of *Seventeen*, then ran a small men's magazine called *Real*. Cosell had dabbled as a sportswriter as early as high school—his column was titled, of all things, *Speaking of Sports*—and he badgered Robinson into letting him write a column in *Real* to help make ends meet while Cosell tried



to break into radio. It was called *Cosell's Clubhouse*, and it featured a drawing of Cosell emerging from a doghouse. In the sketch, Robinson recalls, Cosell resembled "an aardvark."

Robinson accompanied Cosell south for spring training in 1955. "I was his Gunga Din for a while," Robinson recalls. "He was schlepping this heavy equipment all over Florida." Keep in mind that this was the dark ages of electronics. Tape recorders were veritable trunks. Cosell's original weighed something like 30 pounds. But he would lug it from camp to camp, picking up as many as 60 or 70 interviews a day.

In a typical moment of pride Cosell will declare, "I changed the face of television sports." That's a vast overstatement, because nothing approaching him has followed him. Invariably overlooked, however, is the fact that Cosell did change the face of radio sportscasting. In many ways he's a more natural radio than television performer. As he points out, his voice on radio is all the more authoritative and dramatic for not having to compete with visual images. Cosell will concede that only news commentator Paul Harvey possesses a more effective radio presence than his own.

When Cosell first staggered into locker rooms weighted down by his gear, radio sports was still a studio enterprise. Only after him came the transistors and an army of young imitators attached to microphones, invading newspaper territory, thrusting their mikes into athletes' faces. They so irritated the astonished old print journalists that reporters such as Dick Young, a sports columnist for the New York *Daily News* at the time, used to spew out vulgarities whenever the microphones appeared, thereby rendering useless the radio man's tape of the interview.

By the late '60s, Cosell had achieved prominence on both radio and television. "The '60s were really my birth," he says, "the time of the anti-hero. The '60s were just right for me." It hadn't been easy, but then, neither was Cosell surprised by his success. Robinson remembers a conversation during that spring training of '55, when Cosell was an absolute unknown, when even what he was *doing* was unknown. "I'm going to be the top sports guy in television," he summarily announced to Robinson.

"How?"

"Easy," replied Cosell. "The rest of them are all asses."

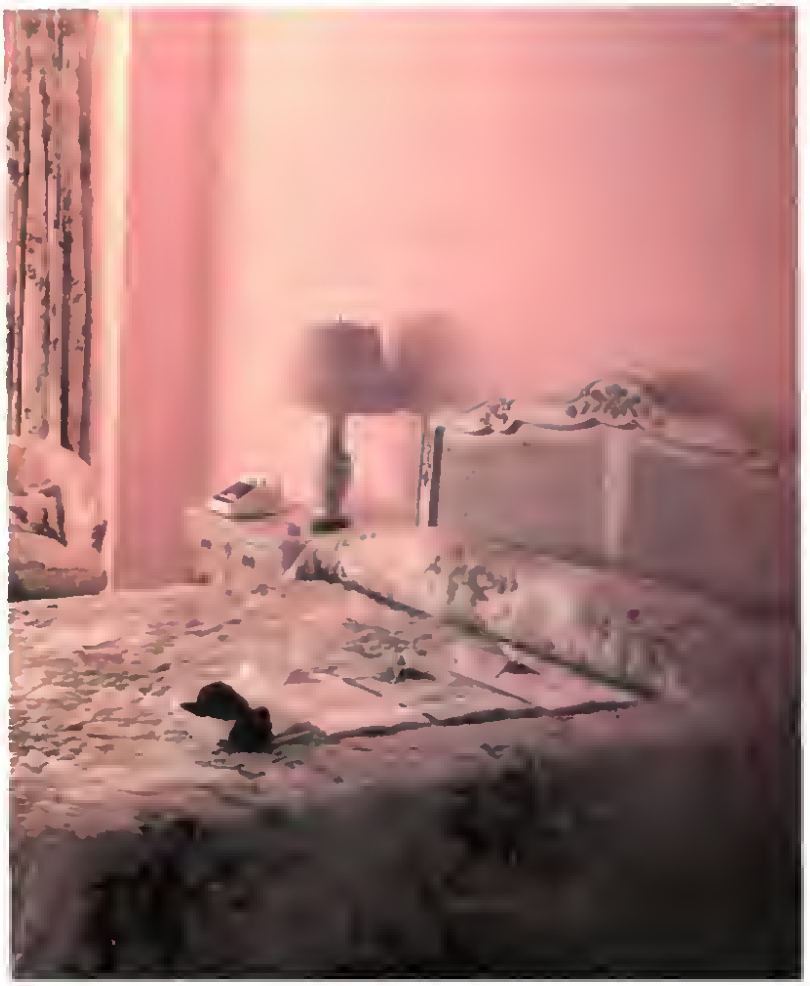
This will answer your question: Has success changed Howard Cosell?

The first thing you must understand about Cosell and what possesses him is that he is innately conservative. Politics aside, he is to the right of Queen Victoria, or Vicky, as he would call her over the air. He was the commander of his American Legion post after World War II. Israel was just getting off the ground then, and one night the subject of emigrating there came up. Howard is Jewish; Emmy, who isn't, thought it might make an exciting challenge for a young family to settle in Israel. Incredulous, Howard said, "Why would I do that? I'm American." His allegedly subversive campaigns—supporting Muhammad Ali's right to the heavyweight title while Ali was resisting the draft being the most significant—all devolve from his belief in basic American rights, such as due process and freedom of speech.

Cosell prides himself on being an exemplar—yea, a captive—of the Protestant work ethic, and he's not tolerant of sloth in others. He never fails to do his homework, including reading his guests' books, before conducting interviews on his weekly radio show, *Speaking of Everything*. Around ABC Sports he is referred to as Coach, and is heartily admired by camera crews and technicians for his professionalism. Never is Cosell more impressive than when doing one of his several daily five-minute radio broadcasts. He will casually interrupt a conversation, stride down to the studio, perhaps slowing en route to pick up a bit of wire-service copy; and in a moment or two, without any apparent preparation, lay down his cigar and deliver a crisp, even trenchant, extemporaneous report, embellishing it with his own opinions and bringing it home in its allotted time to the split second. He then will pick up his

continued

Covering the athletic high and mighty keeps Cosell tied up from the moment he rises at 5:30 a.m.





Cosell interviewing Ali and Joe Frazier before the two fought for the first time, in 1971. Last fall Howard vowed he'd never again broadcast a pro bout.

Howard Cosell

continued

cigar, retrace his steps and resume whatever conversation he had been engaged in when he paused to address America. Cosell's memory is legendary, but it's only a tool; reliability is the measure of this pro.

He was a strict parent and remains, in his sexual mores, "downright old-fashioned," according to his wife. He can be a scold on the subject. In a business in which philandering is hardly uncommon, whatever Cosell has been accused of—all the cheap shots—never has it been suggested that he has ever strayed from Emmy. "He gets plenty of chances, too," says Hilary. "Women find my father very attractive. There's sex in his power and charisma. It's only the men who write about his toupee and his big nose." Years ago at a party in Las Vegas, Emmy caught a rather buxom admirer overdoing a welcoming kiss—"You know, she made it to the mouth," she says—and she has never let Howard forget it.



Cosell made like a Dolphin for two late-night TV specials in '73

He constantly alludes to his family. Sometimes, for no reason at all, he will suddenly complain, "Oh, I wish Emmy were here." Or "I want to be with my family now." He is an unabashed professional grandfather. Amid the scores of photographs of his grandchildren on display in his Manhattan apartment and in his office at ABC, he has only two pictures of athletes. The one in his den is of Ali, with the inscription "You're a big man." The other, in his office, is of Steve Cauthen, who was in a way a surrogate grandchild. When Cosell's own family was younger and the family lived in the suburbs, his favorite pastimes were playing gin rummy with the neighborhood guys, and walking in the woods with his Irish setter and his two daughters while reading to his girls from his favorite poets, Keats, Shelley and Coleridge.

"Well, I think you have my story," Cosell said the first time

he was interviewed, in *The Sporting News* of Aug. 10, 1955. "I have two daughters I am happily married. I like to help people."

This will answer your question: Has success changed Howard Cosell?

Howard and Emmy moved back into Manhattan in 1970. They live in a handsome, but far from opulent, apartment on the East Side When not dining out—"If Howard Cosell had lunch, breakfast and dinner with everybody he brags about on *Monday Night Football*, he'd weigh 723 pounds," Joe Garagiola once said—the Cosells usually have a couple of drinks and supper, watch TV or read and then turn out the lights at 9:30 like an old farm couple. Cosell is usually up by 5:30, and on many mornings the first words out of his mouth, spoken in a loud Paul Harvey voice, are, "Well, dear, I'm awake and I'm getting up, but I won't disturb you." Then, hopelessly awake, Emmy rises to join him.

However, as much as Cosell is devoted to his family, he is just as loyal to another great love, his store—ABC. It's no coincidence that his own parents were never happy together and that he made a full marriage his first priority. But neither should the deep impression the Depression made on him be overlooked: his father often out of work, the electricity sometimes switched off, and—more subtle, but possibly most important—the juxtaposition of his own impoverishment and the relative comfort of school friends and other branches of his family.

The American Dream is usually portrayed as the vision of an abjectly poor kid. More often, though, the kids most determined to move up are those on the fringes of middle-class comfort, those who can see the next rung on the ladder, not merely imagine it. Such was Cosell as a boy. He lived near Eastern Parkway and knew some of the well-off "Eastern Parkway Jews." He could envision himself out of his family's walk-up and right there on Eastern Parkway, too.

All that Cosell's parents, Isadore and Nellie, ever wanted for him was "a profession," which meant, by process of elimination, the law, because, as Emmy says, "Certainly Howard could never have been a doctor." Isadore rolled over 90-day notes to help his son through New York University Law School, and Howard made it. He built a practice and even leapfrogged Eastern Parkway into Manhattan. Then, after 10 years, he made the decision of his life: He junked it all to take a flyer on sports broadcasting.

Until his death in 1957, Isadore kept asking Emmy when Howard would come to his senses and return to "the profession." However, for Howard, leaving the law was never as agonizing as abandoning the safe income it brought him. Cosell was never all that keen on practicing law; he was too impatient for such a meticulous discipline. When he got out of the Army, in which he served as a major, he would have preferred a secure job with a large company, but in big business at that time, many doors were closed to Brooklyn Jews. So the law. It paid the bills, and then he dared give it up.

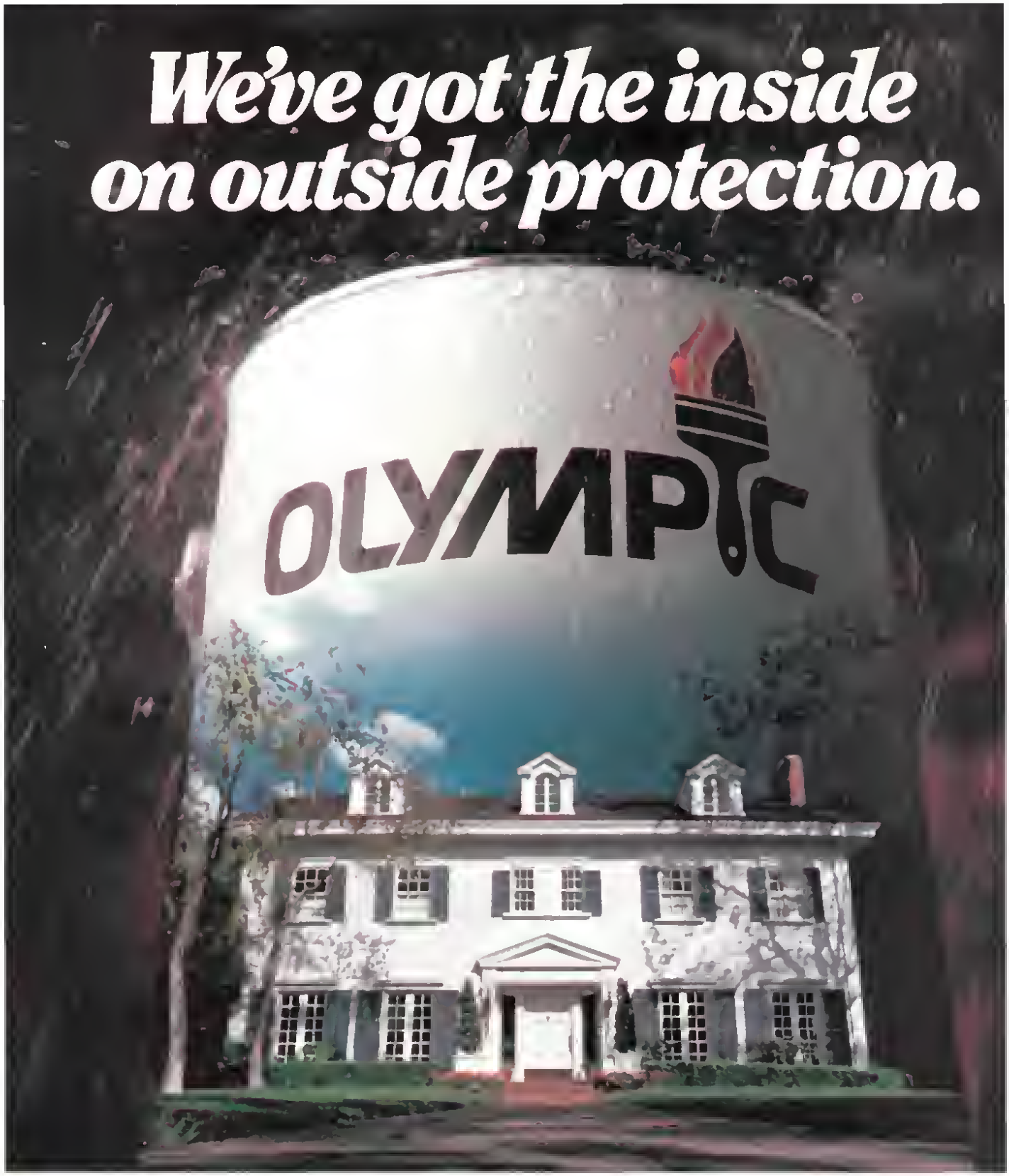
To this day, ask Cosell why he never left sports, for all that he disparages them, puts them down as inconsequential, and *second* he says, "I stayed in sports because I realized I had become very special, and I had the gnawing sense that I was achieving something. I'm proud of the impact I've had on the American people." But that response follows this one: "Number one, there was the money for my family."

continued



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Emmy says, "Howard will go to his grave thinking that he never accomplished all that much. He's satisfied only that he provided well for his family."

ABC made that possible a decade ago, when it signed him to his first network contract. Cosell speaks of the network in dear, almost precious tones, regularly referring to it as "my company" or even "we," as if it were some quaint little family business turning out widgets somewhere. For all his independence, he's strictly a company man.

While Cosell never fails to credit Arledge for his part in his success, his greatest devotion is to Goldenson. Cosell often refers to Goldenson as "a man who has been like a father to me." By contrast, Cosell has "very ambivalent" feelings about Arledge. He charges that Arledge reneged on a commitment to name Cosell co-anchor of the *ABC Evening News* and host of *20/20* when Arledge added the presidency of the network's news operation to his sports portfolio four years ago. "You must understand that Roone is incredibly celebrity conscious and would like to have been the person I am," says Cosell. Arledge, for his part, must be very ambivalent about Cosell. He sends back word that he no longer has the time to discuss Mr. Cosell.

When Scherick brought Arledge to ABC in 1960, it was a distant third on network row. Until then, sports television was in the main a rather tidy little Manhattan club. It was essentially WASP-Irish—CBS or NBC bringing us the Yankees in another Subway Series every fall, an NFL built around the Giants and boxing that emanated mostly from Madison Square Garden. As for the rest of the country, well, it had Notre Dame, didn't it?

"And then," Scherick says, "here comes this rather unattractive Jewish lawyer from Brooklyn" knocking at the clubhouse door.

Scherick was soon told, "Eye to eye: Under no conditions was I to hire Cosell." Then as now, the question was begged: How much of the anti-Cosell feeling is grounded in his being Jewish? On that subject, even Cosell is for once unsure. "My father's been very naive about it," says Hilary. Certainly, though, he's no stranger to anti-Semitism. "I was called a sheeny, everything," he says. Then, with a glow, he recalls the highlight of his athletic career—getting the winning hit in a stickball game between the Eastern Parkway Jews and the local Irish Catholics.

Curiously, while Cosell is the grandson of a rabbi, he wasn't raised in a religious family, and the abiding heritage from his grandfather is not the Talmud but gin rummy, which the old gentleman taught him. Cosell wasn't even Bar Mitzvahed, although his family was aggrieved when he chose Emmy, a *shiksa*, as his wife, just as her Philadelphia Presbyterian father was distressed by her choice of Howard. "But I became the most important thing in his life," says Cosell, completing this tale of his father-in-law.

"That's absurd, Howard," snaps Emmy, straightaway putting an end to that untruth and showing, in the process, why she has been able to stay married to him for 39 years.

"It's very simple," says Hilary. "My father can't function without my mother. Of course, in contrast to him, everybody has made her out to be a madonna, which just isn't true. She's a very tough lady—very bright, but with a cynical, sarcastic streak."

Before Emmy left the safe haven of suburbia to join the WACs, she had known one Jew in her life. And Cosell, when he first spied her at a Brooklyn Army base, thought she looked like June Allyson, the quintessential blonde WASP movie virgin. Emmy thought she had never encountered a man with such "brashness and drive," except perhaps for her own headstrong father. They raised Hilary and her older sister, Jill, in an open, humanist home, one devoid of organized religion. The girls occasionally went to different churches or temple with friends, and today Jill is a baptized Christian, while Hilary characterizes herself as "a raving Zionist." She was recently married and, following a 4½-year career as a producer at NBC Sports, is writing a book. Jill, divorced, has four children, *the* grandchildren.


COSELL'S CLUBHOUSE

BY HOWARD COSELL

SEPTEMBER is the crucial month in baseball. It's come to be regarded by fans as the month of the great surge—or the great collapse—depending on how you look at it.

It was in September of 1927 that Babe Ruth went on a 17-home run spree to establish his all time record of 60. It was also in September that the Dodgers of 1942 blew a ten-game lead to the St. Louis Cardinals, that the Pirates of 1938 folded before the finishing drive of the Cubs, and that the

was contemplating the loss of the pennant.

This is not intended as a dig at Furillo, who has been a top-notch ball player for ten years, but rather to show the negative psychology which obsessed the whole Brooklyn club during that fateful month. Furillo was only voicing what all the other Dodgers were thinking and the truth of this fact was manifested in Brooklyn's performance on the field.

Of course, Frenso Thompson doesn't get all

In the '50s, Cosell moonlighted as a sports columnist for a small men's magazine called Real

Cosell's own sense of Jewishness was revived by the horrors of the Munich Olympic massacre. He was, at the time, so obviously beside himself that Arledge kept him off camera and let Jim McKay handle the reporting. Subsequently, Cosell's identity with Israel has heightened, and at The Hebrew University of Jerusalem, The Howard Cosell Center for Physical Education is currently being built in honor of his support of the school. At a luncheon announcing this project, Cosell said, "I know how deeply Jewish I am now, even though I married a Gentile girl who has been my life."

continued

All of the foregoing personal advisory is, of course, academic when it comes to people's perception of Cosell as a Jew, or to borrow from Alfred Kazin, "the New York Jew." Or "the New York kike," as Hilary bluntly says she knows many Americans view her father. Certainly, this isn't to infer that all who dislike Cosell are, *ipso facto*, anti-Semitic. Pointedly, some of his sharpest critics have been Jewish, most recently David Halberstam and, inevitably, Young, who's now with the *New York Post*. Someone at Young's paper once wrote that he "stalks Cosell as Inspector Javert did Jean Valjean."

Significantly, like Cosell himself, many Jews in TV are reluctant to link the antipathy many viewers feel toward him to religious prejudice. Many Gentiles, on the other hand, think the connection demonstrably clear, which suggests the obvious: that while Jews may fear anti-Semitism, non-Jews know best the extent of its existence. Typical is Beano Cook, ABC's college football analyst. "There's just no question," says Cook. "You can't avoid the fact that a lot of the anti-Howard stuff is anti-Semitic. All I ever hear is, 'The Jews run television.' And he's such a visible target. People who don't like me on television say I'm irreverent. I know damn well if my name were Goldstein, they wouldn't say I was irreverent, they'd say I was another wise-ass Jew, like that Howard Cosell."

Clearly, Cosell's identification with Ali turned an element of America against him, escalating his regular Jew-bastard mail into nigger-loving/Jew-bastard mail. Not surprisingly, no group seems to regard him with as much affection as blacks do. On one memorable occasion, a couple of years ago in Kansas City, as Cosell's limousine cruised through a black neighborhood on the way to his hotel, it drew past a street fight. Cosell bade the driver to stop, alighted into the midst of the melee and, like a modern *deus ex machina*, instantly brought the hostilities to a close with his mere presence. He then admonished the participants, distributed autographs, returned to the car and proceeded on his way.

Of course, to many viewers Cosell isn't symbolic or representative of anything. He's simply a know-it-all. The law of television sport is that only former jocks, men who hit .238 years ago, are allowed to render opinion. The civilians in the booth, their brains in their adenoids, aren't supposed to harbor thought. Cosell has become controversial not so much because he might be wrong in what he says, or even in how he says it, but because, deep inside, so many viewers believe that he hasn't earned the right to speak up.

In a way, it's not so much that Cosell has stepped on toes in the broadcast booth, but that he has usurped the territory formerly owned by the sports fans themselves. The whole point of being a sports fan is to have an opinion, and argue with other sports fans. But here came an announcer who had never split a seam in his life, and here he was spewing opinions and making statements. Sports fans couldn't argue among themselves at the bar anymore. Instead, they had to argue with Howard Cosell. Or worse than that, the alternative: *They had to agree with Howard Cosell.*



From 1954-58, Cosell did spring training shows from St. Pete

Chet Simmons, commissioner of the USFL and former head of NBC Sports and ESPN, admits that he "fervently wished" the USFL could have prevailed on Cosell to work the league's ABC games. "You see," says Simmons, "most of the time Howard says what the fan wants to say—only he hasn't got the guts to say it himself."

There is, then, a certain amount of schizophrenia inherent in the way much of the population regards Cosell. No wonder the famous *TV Guide* poll of five years ago found him, indisputably, the most liked *and* disliked announcer in sports. The mere mention of his name, particularly when it is spit out in imitation of the man himself—HOW-WUD KO-SSSELL—has become a code word, like Dolly Parton or Herbert Hoover. In the classic way of a phenomenon, the image by now has far outdistanced the professional, not to mention the person.

For all the contention that attends him, Cosell prefers to cling to one elementary conclusion. "There's no mystery," says Cosell. "It is only attacks by a certain coterie of print people that make me controversial. I never attain that status with thoughtful people."

No doubt part of this posture is pride, part of it defensive reaction, part of it delusion, a manifestation of a "childlike" innocence to which Hilary refers. On the other hand, without question Cosell is not hallucinating when he sees the print media after him. He would hardly be the first multimillionaire TV star to be set upon by the poor ink-stained wretches. Moreover, the attacks upon Cosell have been vigorously renewed since he came out in strident opposition to boxing last fall. Young, who for years had castigated "Howie the Shill" for touting ABC bouts, dismissed Cosell's protests against the brutality and corruption in the ring as "Salvation Army rhetoric."

No one has ever been a more flammable burnt offering for those who would roast him in the press than Cosell. If sports-

continued



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writers were as all-powerful as Cosell howls they are. Pete Rozelle would have a lifetime, no-cut contract to rule the world. Even when a cowardly hunch of frustrated Baltimore thugs rocked the limousine Cosell was riding in after the Orioles lost a World Series game in 1979, he refused to blame the hoodlums. Instead, he assigned responsibility to a Baltimore columnist, who, Cosell maintains, had stirred the gullible masses against him. Later that same night, in the bar at the Cross Keys Inn, in a loud and celebrated argument with Pete Axthelm, the *Newsweek* sports columnist, Cosell not only lambasted Young—"that master of vendetta and vilification"—but also attacked Red Smith, a beloved avatar among sportswriters. This sacrilege eroded Cosell's reputation in the print world all the more.



Mickey Rooney (Noah) and Cosell (a Biblical announcer) rehearse for a 1972 comedy special

Cosell is certainly not the only one in his profession to attribute almightiness to the print media. His contemporaries in television, especially those who grew up in a newspaper environment, have a curious tendency, as Ohlmeyer points out, "to be more impressed with the written word than the people who write it are." To be sure, as a man of words in a medium of smiles, a man of thought in a medium of reaction, Cosell seems in some crevasse of his soul almost to identify more with the enemy writing press than with broadcasting.

Sometimes, rather than holding television responsible for making what he considers a bad decision, he'll blame newspapers instead. For example, Cosell is convinced that the jackals of the sporting press, not the public, drove sportscasters Chris Schenkel and Curt Gowdy from their perches of eminence. Conversely, "Print was what made it safe for the networks to stay with a Gifford or a Whitaker because those were precisely the kind of announcers the networks knew wouldn't get criticized." Also, according to Cosell, when Arledge broke his word about making Cosell news co-anchor, Arledge didn't change his mind but merely lost his nerve, fearful of what the newspaper critics would say.

Cosell picks up a huge cigar, one that would fit neatly into Dale Murphy's bat rack, and lights it, his hands trembling. His critics have seized cruelly on his shakes. In fact, they have been a common defect in the family for generations, and Hilary and Jill have already blithely bet each other which of them will develop the affliction first. Then Cosell lies flat-out on the sofa. He is on the road again, working, but Emmy is with him, as ever, napping next door in the bedroom of their suite. He would see the grandchildren next weekend at the summer house. His office has just phoned and, yes, all the right people have called. His world is nailed down.

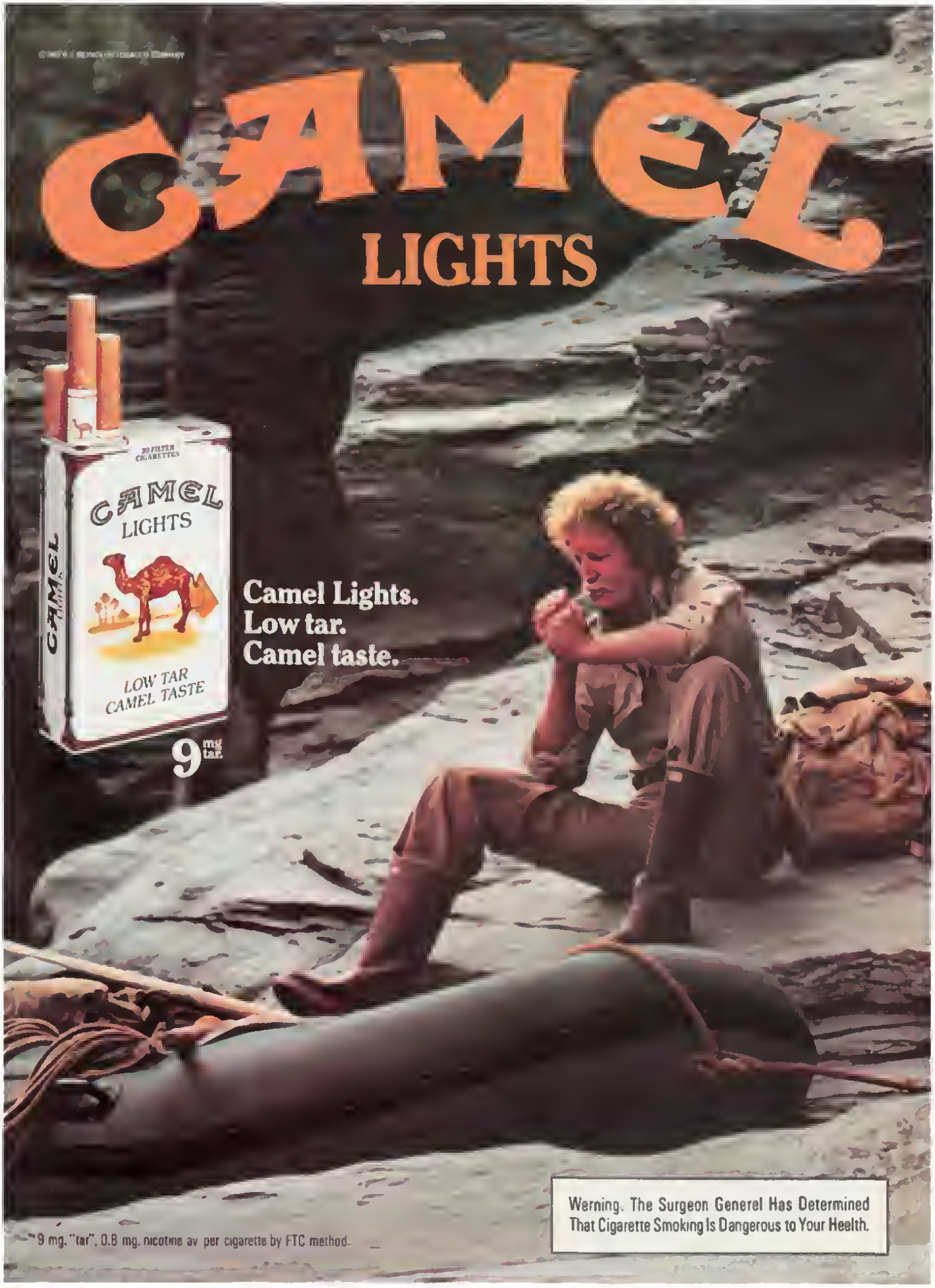
"True," says Cosell, "criticism did give me fits at one time, in the late '60s and the early '70s. But only intellectually. Criticism only substantively affected my life in the matter of my running for the Senate [as a Democrat, in 1976, for the New York seat Daniel Moynihan subsequently won]. I would have accepted that challenge, except that my family begged me not to subject us to the vilification we would have had to endure from certain elements of the print media over a long campaign.

"But, in my own mind, I would have won. Ultimately, you see, people believe in me. I've got the public, its respect, its love, its adulation.

"I've never been so secure or so sure in my professional life as I am right now. When I saw the sort of people who criticized my decision not to do any more boxing, that's when I knew for certain it was over. When they openly lined up with the sleaze, the crooks, I knew I'd won. I've won. I've beat them—conclusively. In fact, if anything, I miss being bothered by them, because now I lack the sustaining challenge they always provided me."

In Cosell's office—THE RAT RACE IS OVER/THE RATS WON says the sign on the wall—his phone is continually lit with calls to and from the athletic high and mighty. "Sometimes I think this is the sports headquarters of the world," he says rather diffidently, as if the thought has just crossed his mind. But then, later, in his more normal tone: "The one thing I can do is produce people. Barbara Walters is the only other person in this business who can deliver people the way I can. I can produce anyone in sports at anytime." He pauses, and continues a bit sheepishly, "Well, maybe not Alvin." Alvin is NFL Commissioner Rozelle. Cosell's closeness to Al Davis, Rozelle's archenemy, has been at the expense of

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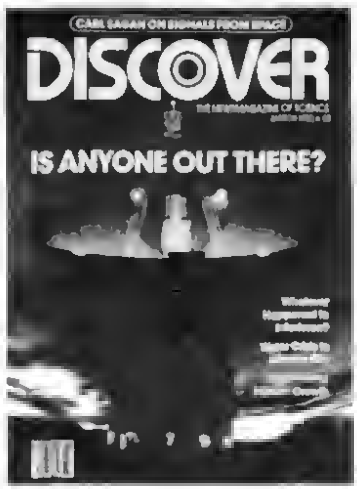
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the friendship Cosell used to enjoy with the commissioner.

Cosell is at home in all the highest echelons. He's intrigued by politics, and now that he doesn't have to practice law, dot all the i's, jurisprudence is even more appealing. If he had stayed at the bar, he would, he says, like to have become an Edward Bennett Williams. But then, show business, Cosell says, is "my element." According to Cosell, Danny Kaye has said *The Howard Cosell Story* "would make a hell of a movie." Jerry Orbach has advanced the same idea for a musical on The Great White Way. Any dinner is a guaranteed success if Cosell is toastmaster. Shortly before Cronkite retired from CBS, whom, in all the world, did he want to emcee a dinner in his honor? Howard Cosell of ABC. Charities line up for him, largely because the word is out he's a soft touch for any good cause—"a real pussycat," says Jimmy The Greek. In an informal way, Cosell, the sports guy—not one of the news side heavies or corporate bigwigs—is deployed as envoy to the world for the American Broadcasting Company.

So well connected is Cosell that he must constantly walk a personal tightrope, inasmuch as so many of his more sensitive stories and editorials involve pals. "In my own mind, I never sacrificed a truth in the name of friendship," he says stoutly, knowing he is being scrutinized especially carefully now because even some of his admirers think his friendship with Davis has colored his views about Davis' moving the Raiders from Oakland.

That kind of insinuation wounds Cosell. He is thin-skinned. He really would like to be Will Rogers, beloved, Mister Softee. But attacks upon his journalism strike deeper than those that go only to his style or personality. *Monday Night Football*, for example, may have enhanced his fame the most, and Cosell's light, like Tinker Bell's, would go out if people didn't applaud him upon that fluffy stage, week after week. But he has no pretense about the meaning of such accolades. *Monday Night Football* is no more than modern vaudeville, or his version of the old Chautauqua circuit. Cosell doesn't even cite it among his major accomplishments.

Ah, but by contrast, "*Sportsbeat* will be my legacy," he says. That's his TV sports news show, and it is indeed an enterprising and significant piece of journalism. However, many faithful *Monday Night* viewers probably don't even know it exists, because ABC buries it on Saturday afternoons amid the tenpins and Kelvinator races. But no matter. *Sportsbeat* is Cosell's pride and joy. He wouldn't let them call it *Howard Cosell's Sportsbeat* or something like that, which would trumpet his name for ratings. No, the show is his bequest.

He will, of course, be remembered for other things. Most extraordinary among them: the fact that anyone in sports, let alone a noncombatant, could achieve such prominence. It would not be fair to say that Cosell has transcended the games and the stars he has covered, but it is quite correct to say that by now, to most people, he and sports are inseparable. Howard Cosell has come to stand for sports in the latter part of the 20th century in the U.S.

To belabor the point that he is of television is to miss the main point, too. In many ways he is anti-television. Dan Rather pulling on a sweater and thereby winning a whole new chunk of the populace: That's television. President Reagan's press conferences: That's television. Keith Jackson is television. So are Kermit the Frog, instant replay and the Fiesta Bowl. *Good Morning America* is television to a fare-thee-well. But not Cosell. Oh, to be sure, he learned to use television, as before that he learned how to use his voice. The trick that he figured out is how to look out of the tube, to grab the viewer, to shake him. Most everybody else in TV thinks the idea is just to be passive, to let people look in, at them, on them. No wonder we tire so quickly of most television people.

No, first and foremost, Howard Cosell is sports. There are all these people, these fans, who claim that when Cosell does a game on television, they turn off the sound on the TV and listen to the radio broadcast. Oh, sure. You probably know critics in your neighborhood who vow the same thing. Well, too bad for them. Don't they understand? Cosell isn't television. He's not audio. Howard Cosell is sports in our time. Feel sorry for the people who turn off the sound. The poor bastards missed the game. **END**

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- ☐ 0966 Judo
- ☐ 0130 Skiing
- ☐ 8618 Small Boat Sailing
- ☐ 0149 Swimming & Diving
- ☐ 0165 Track & Field Events
- ☐ 1725 Track: Running Events
- ☐ 0060 Training with Weights
- ☐ 8422 Volleyball
- ☐ 0213 Wrestling



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 25-31

Compiled by LISA TWYMAN

CYCLING—VIKTOR KUPOVETS of the Soviet Union broke Harold Wolff's 3-year-old record in the 4,000 meters individual pursuit category by four seconds with a clocking of 4:37.68, in Moscow

GOLF—JAN STEPHENSON shot a six-over-par 290 to take the $32,780 winner's check in the U.S. Women's Open by one stroke over JoAnne Carner and Patty Sheehan in Tulsa *(page 30)*

JOHN COOK dropped an 8-foot putt on the sixth playoff hole to beat Johnny Miller in the Canadian Open in Oakville, Ontario and collect the $63,000 winner's check. Both players finished the 72 holes of regulation play at 277, seven under par.

BILLY CASPER won the U.S. Senior Open at Chaska, Minn., his birdie-putt 3 beating Rod Funseth on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff. Casper and Funseth were tied at 288 after the regulation 72 holes, and both shot 75s in their scheduled 18-hole playoff.

HORSE RACING—ISLAND WHIRL ($4.60), Eddie Delahoussaye aboard, nosed out Bold Style to win the $173,100 Whitney Handicap at Saratoga. The 5-year-old colt ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:48⅘.

DEPUTED TESTAMONY ($9.60), Herb McCauley up, came from last place to beat Bet Big by a neck in the $200,000 Amory L. Haskell Invitational at Monmouth Park. The 1983 Preakness champion ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:49⅘.

CRAELIUS ($10.60), ridden by Chris McCarron, beat Palikaraki by a neck to win the $227,600 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1½ miles on the turf in 2:26⅘.

MOTORCYCLING—Three-time world champion rider KENNY ROBERTS on a 500-cc Yamaha won the British Grand Prix, finishing 4.11 seconds ahead of Freddie Spencer. Roberts completed the 28 laps of the 2.937-mile Silverstone course in 42:10.07. Six laps into the race, Peter Huber of Switzerland and Norman Brown of Northern Ireland crashed and subsequently died.

MOTOR SPORTS—DALE EARNHARDT, in a Ford, rode the bumper of Darrell Waltrip's Chevrolet until the last lap, and then passed him to win the $373,110 Talladega 500 by half a car length. Earnhardt averaged 170.611 mph around the 2.66-mile Alabama International Motor Speedway tri-oval.

MARIO ANDRETTI, driving a Lola-Cosworth, finished one lap ahead of Al Unser Jr. in an Eagle-Cosworth to win a $250,000, 200-mile Indy car race in Elkhart Lake, Wis. Andretti averaged 99.410 mph around the Road America four-mile course.

SOCCER—NASL. It was a week for streaks. Chicago beat the Cosmos 2–1, the Windy City's third straight over the Cosmos this season. Dave Huson's goal with 10 minutes to play gave Coach Willy Ray his 100th regular-season win with Chicago. Still, the Cosmos held first place in the Eastern Division by 16 points, while Chicago was third behind Toronto. Southern Division-leader Fort Lauderdale lost 3–0 to San Diego, which then made it five wins in a row by beating Tampa Bay 2–0. The Rowdies were on a streak of a different sort, having lost four straight. Fort Lauderdale rallied to beat Golden Bay 3–1 on Forward Brian Kidd's two goals and stay two points ahead of second place Tulsa. In the Western Division, Vancouver Goalie Tino Lettieri's five saves gave the Whitecaps a 1–0 shootout win over Team America. Vancouver then lost to Tulsa 2–1 but led second place Golden Bay by 41 points.

STEEPLECHASING—THRICE WORTHY ($3.40), ridden by John Cushman, beat Bomb by half a length to win the $43,000 Lovely Night Handicap at Saratoga. The 7-year-old gelding cleared the 11 jumps on the 2½-mile course in 3:41⅘.

TENNIS—JOSE-LUIS CLERC beat Jimmy Arias 6–3, 3–6, 6–0 in a $200,000 event in Washington, D.C.

BRAD DREWETT beat John Alexander 4–6, 6–4, 7–6 for the $15,000 winner's check in a South Orange, N.J. tournament.

TRACK & FIELD—JARMILA KRATOCHVILOVA of Czechoslovakia ran the women's 800 meters in 1:53.28 to break Nedyezhda Olizarvenko's 1980 world record by 1.5 second in Munich.

MARY DECKER broke her American record in the 1,500 meters by 2.31 seconds with a time of 3:57.12 in Stockholm five days later. Decker ran a 1:57.60 at Gateshead, England to break by .3 second the American 800-meter record set by Madeline Manning in 1976 *(page 28)*. JIM HEIRING broke Marco Evan

[illegible] the [illegible] had [illegible] 7:91 [illegible]

[illegible] 1,500 women's relay team [illegible] CHRISTIANE WARTENBERG, HEIKE KOCH, INGRID AUERSWALD and MARLIES GOHR broke the world record set by East Germany in 1980 by .07 second with a clocking of 41.53 in Berlin.

MILEPOSTS—APPROVED. By the NHL, for $12 million, the sale of the St. Louis Blues to a consortium of businessmen headed by Californian HARRY ORNEST. 59

CANCELED. A $15 million offer by STEVE BELKIN, 36, to purchase the Boston Celtics from Harry Mangurian, by mutual agreement, when it was disclosed that a former business associate of Belkin's had been convicted of kidnapping and bookmaking, and is currently under investigation in a federal gambling probe.

NULLIFIED. The July 23 trade of Cornerback Pat Thomas from the Rams to the Raiders for Cornerback Monte Jackson, after Thomas failed his physical because of a knee injury.

SUSPENDED. By NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, without pay, through the fourth game of the 1983 season, for their participation in illegal activities involving cocaine—Cincinnati Running Back PETE JOHNSON, 29, and Defensive End ROSS BROWNER, 29; St. Louis Linebacker E.J. JUNIOR, 23, and New Orleans Cornerback GREG STEMRICK, 31.

TRADED. By the NASL's San Diego Sockers, Defender GORDON DALLAS, 24, to Fort Lauderdale for a 1983 draft choice, by the Toronto Blizzard. Midfielder ARNO STEFFENHAGEN, 33, to Vancouver for cash.

CREDITS

4—[illegible] 17—[illegible] by Sam D. Weissman 22,23—[illegible] 24—[illegible] 25-27—Manny Millan 32,33—Steve Gladstone 34—Tony Tomsic/Top; John Iacono 37—[illegible] 38,39—Mickey Pfleger 40,41—Ronald C. Modra 44,45—Ronald C. Modra/Left; Mickey Pfleger 46,47—Graham Finlayson 48,81—Graham Finlayson/Top; Mark Cosse/Ben Liebenberg/Gazette Journal 54—Tom Jones 56,57—Carl Iwasaki 58—John D. Hanlon 60—Anthony Neste 64,82—Ed Eppridge 66,67—Al Satterwhite; Newman 68,80—Jon Stewart 70—[illegible]; Hayes/Jane Stewart/Left; ABC 72,73—Jane Stewart 74—ABC Sports 76—Steven Fenn/ABC Sports 77—Jane Stewart 80—[illegible] 88—Ron Kimberly

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE LUTZ
Bel Air, Md.

Mike, 12, contributed 42 points and tight defensive play to lead the Bel Air Recreation Council lacrosse team to a 12–1 record. In the league championship game, he scored four goals and had two assists in an 11–0 rout of Cockeysville.



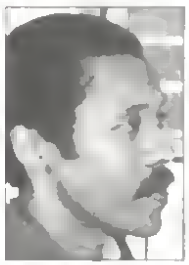
ROBIN DOLAN
Cocoa Beach, Fla.

Robin, a junior at Cocoa Beach High, reached the state girls' high school tennis finals one year after she switched from playing right-handed to left because of tennis elbow. Robin never lost a set en route to her 17–0 regular-season record.



DAVID BRUNDAGE
Salem, Ore.

David, 18, who graduated in June from McKay High, played on the state-metro basketball, football and baseball Class AAA all-star teams this summer. The last player chosen for the three all-star events was Celtics Guard Danny Ainge in 1977.



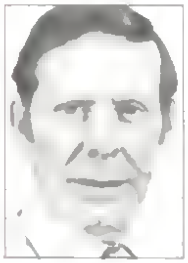
OSCAR MOORE
Glassboro, N.J.

Moore, 45, a 1964 U.S. Olympian in the 5,000 meters, coached Glassboro State's track and field team to its fourth straight NCAA Division III championship, a division record. Moore was Coach of the Year for the fourth time as well.



KELLY MADDEN
Dorchester, Mass.

Kelly, 15, won both the 15- and 16-year-old 1,500- and 3,000-meters at the TAC Age Group Nationals, the third straight year she had won in both distances. Her Junior Cross-Country title in 1981 gives her a total of seven national titles.



JIM CONNELL
Sun Valley, Idaho

Connell, a 55-year-old mining engineer, never allowed a goal while playing center fullback for the M-K Strikers. He led the team to a 10–2 season record and first place in the Senior League of the Southern Idaho Soccer Association.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BLOUNT ON BLOUNT

Sir

I commend Roy Blount Jr. and SI for the fine portrayal of Pittsburgh Cornerback Mel Blount and his "roots" (*This Steeler Is Really a Cowboy*, July 25). Rarely have I been so moved and so inspired.

In my estimation, adherence to the work ethic and an independence of spirit are two qualities that abounded in those who originally made this country great. It is heartening to me to discover that there are still Americans like Mel Blount and his family who possess both traits.

DANIEL R. PARTIN
Hershey, Pa.

Sir:

I know why I renewed my subscription. It was because of the article about Mel Blount by Roy Blount Jr.

RODNEY NESBITT
Baltimore

TOP GOLFERS

Sir.

I thoroughly enjoyed Dan Jenkins' article on Tom Watson's fifth British Open victory (*Breaking Clear of the Crowd*, July 25), and after reading it I wondered: Is there anyone greater than Watson in golf? Only Jack Nicklaus came to mind. Then, in the same issue, I read Barry McDermott's masterpiece on the astonishing career of Kathy Whitworth (*Wrong Image but the Right Touch*). To compile 84 triumphs over 24 years and to rise above adversity takes a tremendous amount of perseverance. In my opinion, Whitworth is the best golfer of all.

TED BROWN
Peabody, Mass.

Sir:

A few years ago I had the pleasure of playing with Kathy Whitworth in the now defunct Bluegrass Invitational pro-am at Hunting Creek Country Club in Louisville. The following winter during a trip to San Francisco, I noticed, as I left my car in a hotel garage, that I was parked next to Kathy's car. I left her a note written on the back of my business card. At the party preceding the next Bluegrass pro-am, she was kind enough to look me up and reply in person. I've never been surprised at her success.

JERRY OSTERTAG
Louisville

THE USFL CHAMPIONSHIP

Sir.

While Ralph Wiley's coverage of the USFL's first Championship Game (*The Panthers Are No. 1, Thanks to No. 1*, July 25) was very good, I take exception to the fact that you chose not to put one of your high-quality action photographs of that game on the cover. Instead you selected a picture of a person who plays golf, holding a trophy that wasn't even won in this country. I can't believe it! *Golf*, when you could have had Anthony Carter pulling in a pass or Bobby Hebert poised in the pocket.

BILL STINSON
Birmingham, Mich.

Sir.

Thanks for reporting on the USFL Championship Game. I fell asleep during the first quarter and never found out who won.

WAYNE KREGER
Miami

BILLY CANNON

Sir.

Many thanks to Douglas S. Looney for his story on Billy Cannon (*In a Rush to Make a Big Gain*, July 25). Being a diehard LSU fan, I, like most Louisianans, was surprised and disappointed by Cannon's arrest for counterfeiting. Cannon's exploits on the gridiron are renowned in the state, but he will no longer be thought of almost as a deity. He will be viewed for what he truly is—a human being with as many imperfections and frailties as the rest of us. That Cannon has fully cooperated with government officials and admitted his guilt restores some of my respect for him. Yet, at a time when Tiger football fortunes have never appeared better, it seems strangely inappropriate that our feelings for this Purple and Gold hero should be tarnished. I hope that the National Football Foundation reconsiders its decision not to induct Cannon into the College Football Hall of Fame, because as a *college football player*, he was one of the best.

JOHN H. FENNER
Metairie, La.

Sir:

I can still recall the time when I was nine years old and, after a night of trick-or-treating, huddled with my family and cousins listening to the second half of the LSU-Ole Miss game in 1959. One could scarcely hear the radio announcer over the roar of the crowd as Billy Cannon completed his memorable punt return. What some people forget is that of equal importance to LSU that night was the goal-line stand that followed Cannon's punt return late in the game. I believe Cannon was involved in those heroics as a defensive halfback (playing both ways).

What has happened to him is sad and disappointing. Too often the star athlete believes he has been elevated above the ranks of mere mortals to a level where normal ethics and standards do not apply. Here's hoping that a just punishment is handed out to Cannon, but more important, that the problems in his life are turned around and that he realizes he has, in addition to a loving family, numerous loving fans.

BOB CISNEROS
Birmingham

Sir:

Douglas S. Looney's treatment of Billy Cannon's story is an example of our inability to let go of a hero. A person's athletic ability is separate from his or her morality. Yet time and again, when a sports figure lets us down by going afoul of our laws and mores, we find it hard to comprehend. Somehow we are unable to relate that to the legend. When a bad kid from the inner city gets into trouble with the law, we don't stop to interview his friends to ask why. We just treat him as a common criminal. From reading the article, I gather that Cannon is just a common criminal.

SHEILA BRADY
Ridgewood, N.J.

BILL PEARL

Sir:

It was a distinct pleasure to read Terry Todd's well-written article on Bill Pearl (*Pearl Is a Rare Old Gem*, July 18). Unfortunately, photographs fail to do Pearl justice. Those people who have been fortunate enough to see him in the flesh are inevitably astounded by his massive yet superbly proportioned development. Those of us who have been even more fortunate to know Bill as a person are just as inevitably impressed with the inner man. He is a person of integrity, humility, honesty and compassion, a gentle philosopher encased in the body of Hercules. The mold hasn't been broken, it's just awfully hard to fill.

ARLEY VEST
Bay Saint Louis, Miss.

Sir:

Bill Pearl is living proof of the benefits of progresstve weight training and, more important, an excellent example of the rewards that hard work, discipline and determination bring. There are few people in any endeavor, athletic or otherwise, who possess these qualities to the degree Pearl does. It is unfortunate that there are not more individuals in the sporting world like him. He is a hero for our younger generation to look up to and an inspiration to those of us who are older.

DONALD PFEIFFER
Williamsville, N.Y.

Sir:

Terry Todd emphasized that the 52-year-old Bill Pearl is youthful looking and com-

continued



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HEWLETT PACKARD

pared him to middle-aged runners, "who sometimes appear to be older than their years."

As a Masters competitor, I feel this is a totally subjective judgment. For every female who thinks brawny weightlifters are gorgeous, there are others who think sleek runners are just as appealing. I would love to see a study comparing the aging factors of runners vs. those of weightlifters. Anyway, lots of runners today, myself included, lift weights, too. Many middle-aged runners have good body strength, yet aren't muscle-bound.

LUCY DIBIANCA
Walnut Creek, Calif.

THE SYDNEY MAREE STORY (CONT.)

Sir:

My husband and I are charter subscribers, and Gary Smith's article on Sydney Maree (*He Ran, but Knew Not Why*, July 18) was worth the entire investment. Smith's statements, his style and evident caring for other human beings are important to me and must have been for countless others who read his piece.

MARJORIE C. GEISLER
Neenah, Wis.

Sir:

So Friedemann Stut attributes Sydney Maree's discipline to some Caucasian ancestor—conveniently ignoring countless generations of black ancestry as well as the dedication, determination and will of the athlete himself. Surely this is a new standard for racial arrogance. But no; apparently it is the norm among most South African whites, and all of their attempts to curry or purchase favor abroad cannot disguise it. I am white, with no sympathy for Communist governments. But can the average Soviet citizen possibly be worse off than the average South African black?

JOHN RACHAL
Hattiesburg, Miss.

INTRUDING TELEVISION

Sir:

I congratulate William Taaffe on his article about "trespassing technology" (TV/RADIO, July 18). I've always felt that reporters and TV personnel should keep cameras and microphones out of Indy cars, huddles, etc. I hope those reporters who do intrude read the article and have their eyes opened by it.

JOEL MOFFETT
Iron River, Mich.

Sir:

It's about time someone took television sports to task for meddling with the participants in sports events. TV directors should concentrate on the basic task of following the field action.

JOHN SARICH
Sacramento

Sir:

I agree that no journalistic method should intrude into the contest itself, but let's have the participants decide what constitutes intrusion. They have more to lose. Maybe all this TV stuff has the print journalists a little uneasy. After all, television is giving us access to insights, impressions and views of situations that the print media can only report subsequently and from a controlled environment. Television and sports are live and spontaneous. They belong together.

DENNIS O'HARA
Culver City, Calif.

Sir:

That the CBS minicam shouldn't be placed in NASCAR Winston Cup stock cars is certainly a matter of debate. CBS was lauded for its excellent coverage with its six-pound minicam, as well it should have been. CBS's expertise, along with the most exciting racing in the world, made for a superior telecast.

Yet the situation, which had never been controversial before your July 18 edition, may already be academic. Not only did Cale Yarborough win the Daytona 500 with a CBS camera aboard, he did the same in Michigan's Gabriel 400. This may turn from a question of whether a camera should be in a car to how do we get the driver to take it out.

CHIP WILLIAMS
Director of Public Relations
NASCAR
Daytona Beach, Fla.

TREATING DRUG ABUSERS ET AL.

Sir:

Your editorial (SCORECARD, July 25) accurately reflects just how ineffective sports officials have been in their attempts to deter illegal off-the-field activities of professional athletes. It's ironic. Owners give outrageously high salaries to kids right out of high school and college. The young athletes become instantly rich and famous and suddenly can afford life in the fast lane, a great temptation to someone just out of his teens. Then management scratches its head when these kids get into trouble.

As long as huge salaries are given to young athletes, problems such as drug abuse are going to continue. When such problems occur, management should offer rehabilitation, not hand out punishment.

CRAIG PRICE
Lineville, Ala.

Sir:

Ray Miller's comments on Steve Howe (19TH HOLE, July 25) sickened me. He says alcohol or drug addiction isn't an illness, but a weakness of the will. Well, Mr. Miller, try willpower when you've got diarrhea. I feel sorry for you and your dark-age attitude.

KIRBY WILCOX
Morris, Minn.

Sir:

Let's see now, there is alcohol illness, Art Schlichter has gambling illness, and Steve Howe has cocaine illness. I'm sure Billy Cannon has counterfeiting illness and Jesse James had train-robbery illness. It's good to know that no matter what I do, I'm just ill and not responsible. I'll sleep better tonight.

BOB WILLIS
Sarasota, Fla.

BILLY TUBBS'S ACCIDENT

Sir:

The reference in SCORECARD (July 18) to the accident involving Oklahoma Basketball Coach Billy Tubbs didn't quite tell it like it is. As a personal friend of the driver of the vehicle, I would like to plead her case.

What happened on that Sunday is the following. Tubbs was jogging on a street that was wet from a previous rain. He was doing two things that are hazardous for joggers—wearing earphones and running *with* traffic instead of against it. He stepped out into the lane to avoid a puddle and into the path of the car. At no time was the driver at fault, and no citation was issued the driver.

I bring this to your attention because Tubbs's references to being hit by a "charging" car are a source of consternation to my friend and unfair in that there was never any fault on her part.

ANONA ADAIR
Norman, Okla.

• Tubbs, who always tries to see the funny side of things, no doubt meant his remark to be taken as a joke. He has been quoted as saying that the accident was his fault.—ED.

Sir:

I'm glad Billy Tubbs has a sense of humor about the I JOG WITH COACH TUBBS T shirts with tire tracks on the back now being seen on the campus of Oklahoma State. Considering that Tubbs's team hasn't lost to Oklahoma State in two seasons, it would seem he has the last laugh.

KRIS COWAN
Fort Wayne, Ind.

REMEMBERING ARMSTRONG

Sir:

I agree with Tim McBride's comments (19TH HOLE, July 18) in praise of the feats of Roberto Duran. Yet I cannot help but think of Henry Armstrong, who won titles in three different weights—feather, welter and light—at a time when there was only *one* division at most weights (no junior or super) and only *one* champion (no WBC or WBA, and no inexperienced crown holders). Armstrong also fought middleweight champion Ceferino Garcia to a 10-round draw in a title bout that many thought Armstrong won—amazing for a fighter who first won a crown as featherweight. If Armstrong were fighting today, he would have won six titles and fought for a seventh!

JOHN NICHOLAS SKIOTES
Mesa, Ariz.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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